

A WHOLE PILE OF...

\$1.00

APRIL 1979

NUMBER 126

CDC 00257

CHARLTON



SICK SPECIAL

KOJERK
MOODY ALLEN
BLUNDER WOMAN
THE SPY
WHO SNUBBED ME
LOVE THAT BOAT
THE GOODBUY GIRL
ONE DAME AT A TIME

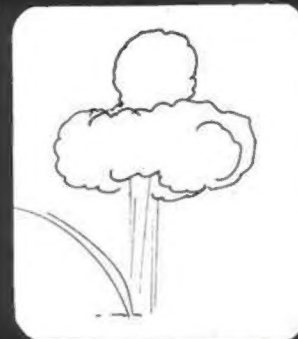
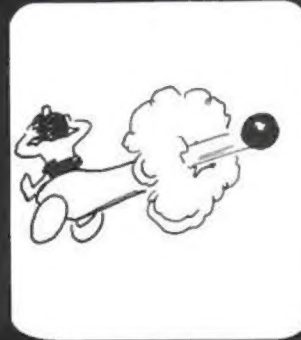
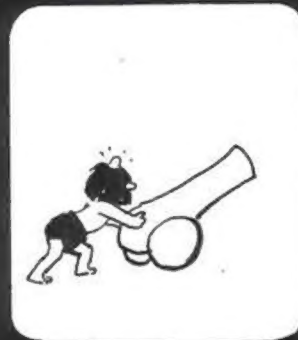
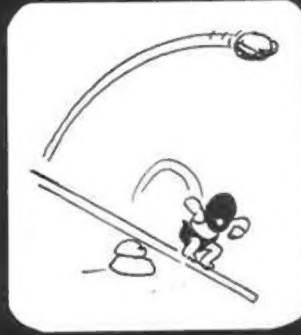
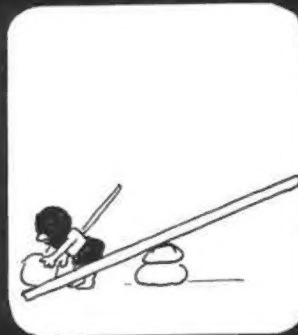
"CATTLECAR
GALACTICA"



00257

EYE-BALLING.....

by Golly



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SICK

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CONTENTS

CATTLECAR GALACTICA	4
STAR BORES	10
THE SPY WHO SNUBBED ME	15
BLUNDER WOMAN	20
MOODY ALLEN	25
MOROSE ENCOUNTERS	29
LOVE THAT BOAT	35
THE GOODBY GIRL	41
KOJERK	46
ROADER	51
ONE DAME AT A TIME	56
ALICE	61

DAVE MOULTHROP
Photographer

SICK SPECIAL, No. 126, April 1979, is the seventh edition of the bimonthly publication SICK. Office of publication Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT. 06418. Second class mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, CT. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, CT. ©Copyright 1979 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. (Printed in U.S.A.) Annual subscription \$4.50. Subscription Manager: Gina Brunetti. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited manuscripts, songs or photos. Authorized for sale in the U.S.A., its territories, possessions and Canada only. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT. 06418.

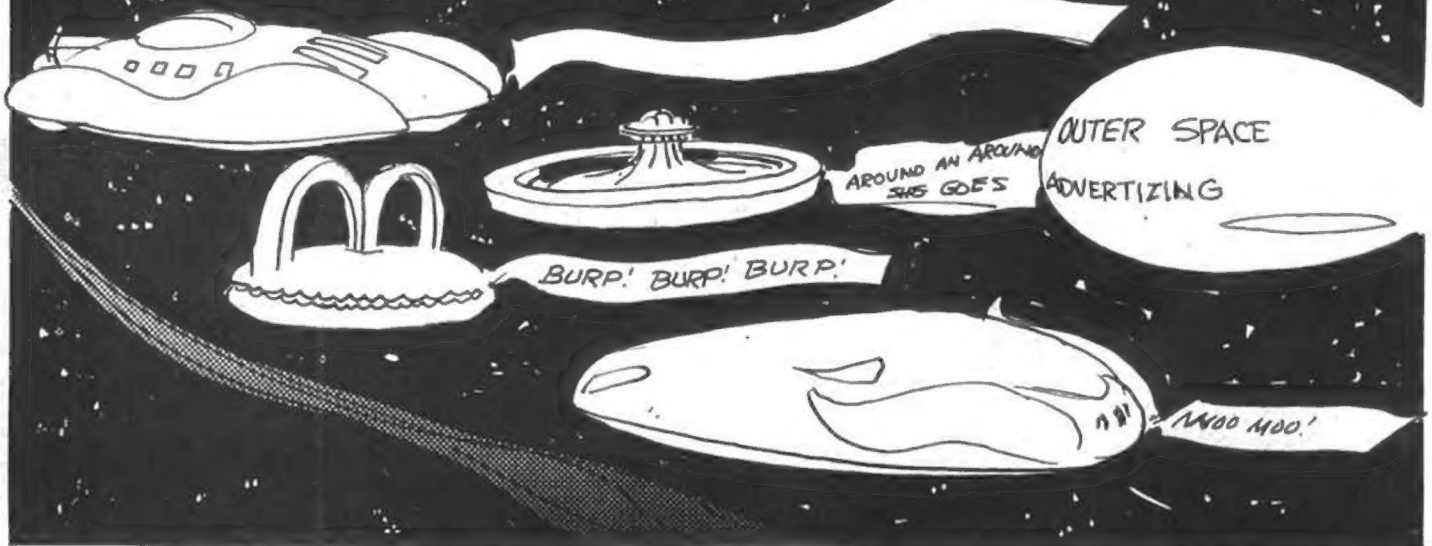
CattlecaR GALACTICA

EONS AGO, IN THE 79TH MASHUGINS OF TIME, A RACE OF INTELLIGENT BEINGS CALLED PUMANS DISPATCHED AN ARMADA ON A DESPERATE MISSION.

THE 12 PUMAN COLONIES CAN BE SAVED ONLY IF WE CAN NEGOTIATE A PEACE TREATY WITH THE BLOOD-THIRSTY CYLOONS!

IF WE FAIL, OUR SECOND MISSION IS TO SEEK OUT THE LOST COLONY OF PUMANS ON PLANET--- EARTH!

IF WE FAIL THAT, OUR THIRD MISSION IS TO BRING BACK A PEPPERONI PIZZA AND A SIX-PACK OF BUD!



AND AHEAD (WHATEVER THAT MEANS IN SPACE) TWO RECON PILOTS, ZAP AND ADOLLO, SEEK OUT DANGER!

SEE ANY DANGER, BIG BROTHER?

YES, LITTLE BROTHER! LOTS OF DANGER!

WE'RE IN THE SEA OF SPACE DEBRIS! IF THAT JUNK CLOGS YOUR EXHAUST, YOU'RE A GONER!





BUT THE TRUE DANGER IS ONLY NOW APPARENT!

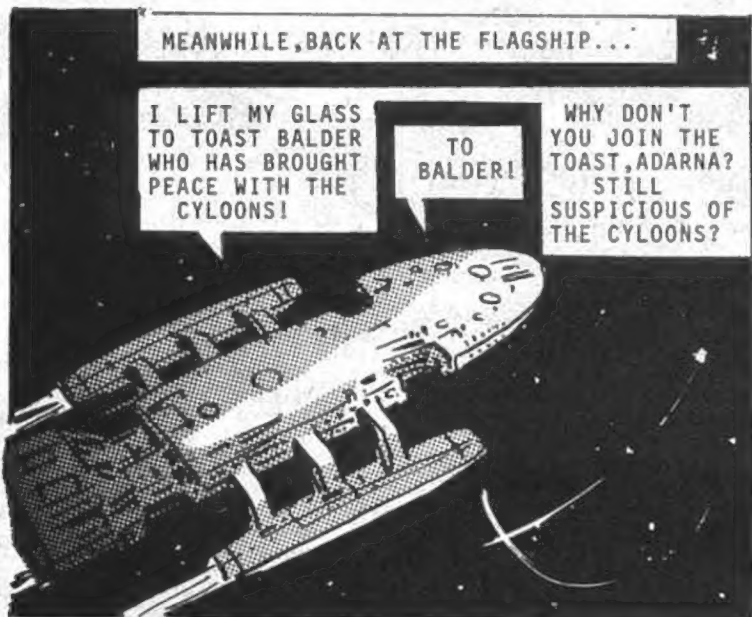
YOU SEE, WE FOOLED THE PUMAN SCUM!

YES! BUT I TOLD YOU TO FLY AROUND THE CAMOUFLAGE SCREEN! YOU PUT A 2,000 MILE HOLE IN IT--AND THEY WILL TAKE IT OUT OF OUR PAY!



ADOLLO! TWO CYLOON SHIPS ON OUR TAIL! IF THEY ZERO-IN THEIR LASERS ON ME--

YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT TROUBLES, ZAP? THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER ON MY CONTROL PANEL WON'T WORK!

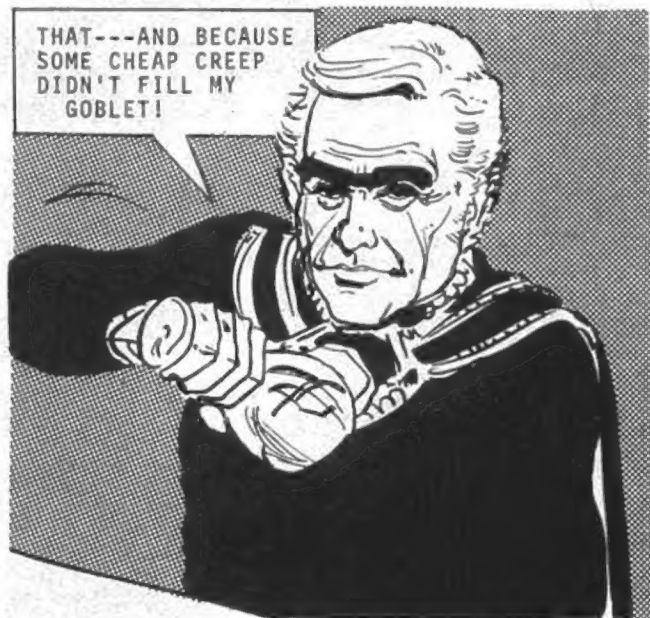


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FLAGSHIP...

I LIFT MY GLASS TO TOAST BALDER WHO HAS BROUGHT PEACE WITH THE CYLOONS!

TO BALDER!

WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE TOAST, ADARNA? STILL SUSPICIOUS OF THE CYLOONS?



THAT---AND BECAUSE SOME CHEAP CREEP DIDN'T FILL MY GOBLET!



SUDDENLY, A DARK MESSAGE...

TERRIBLE NEWS, ADARNA! YOUR SON ZAP--- KILLED IN ACTION!

(GASP!) WHAT OF MY SON ADOLLO?

HE ESCAPED CLEVERLY!



HE THREW A CIGARETTE LIGHTER AT THEM AND, WHILE THE CYLOONS FOUGHT OVER IT, HE ESCAPED!



THEN IN ONE
MILI-MICRON.*

THE CYLOONS ARE
ATTACKING! WITH
LASERS AND MASERS
AND---

--RICE KRISPIES!

* .005 OF A SECOND, OR ABOUT THE SAME
TIME IT TAKES FOR YOUR BANK TO TURN
DOWN A LOAN!



SO BALDER! YOU
SAID THE CYLOONS
WOULD NEVER
ATTACK!

OH,
NO?

IT'S SOME
MISTAKE!
THIS ISN'T
SERIOUS!



WHEN THE COW REALLY JUMPS OVER
THE MOON, THAT'S SERIOUS!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HOME PLANET
OF PAPRIKA....

CRRRRASSSSH!

WHEN YOU CAN BLOW UP
A WHOLE WORLD FROM
250,000 MILES, IT NO
LONGER HAS ANY PERSON-
AL IMPACT!

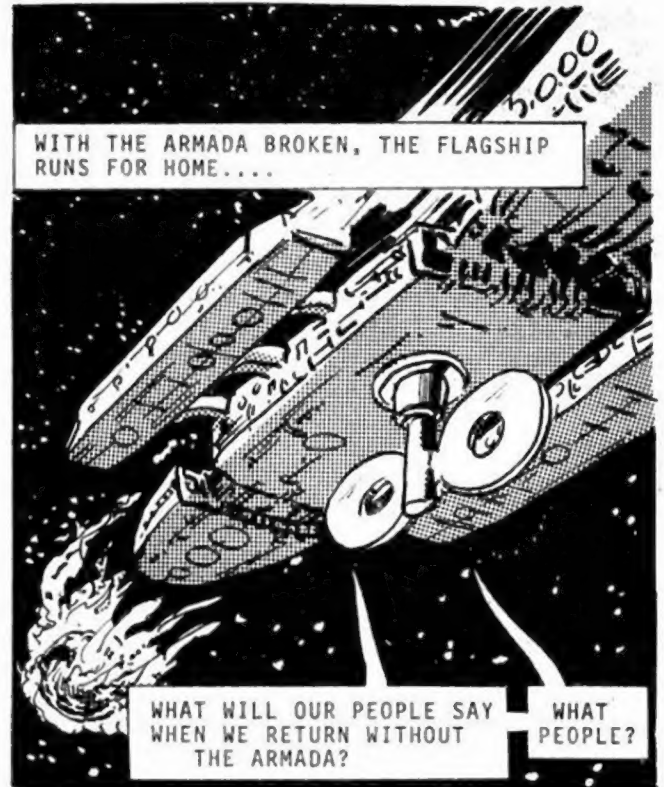
YEAH! LET'S
GO BACK TO
THE
BARRACKS AND
KILL
COCKROACHES!



AND ON THAT DYING WORLD...

COME AWAY, LOXEY!
STUFFIT, YOUR
DAGNABIT, IS DEAD!

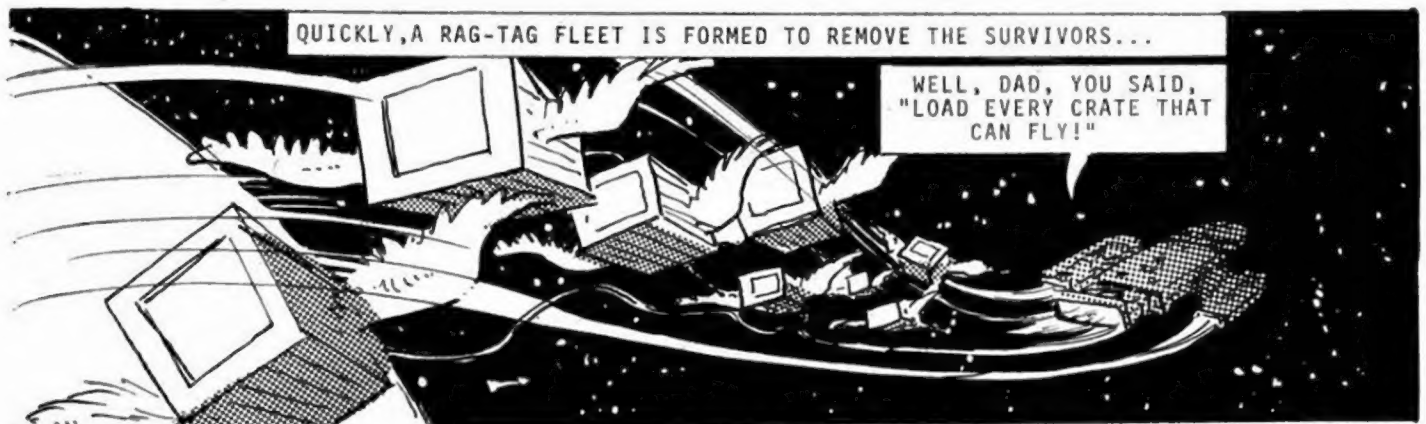
YES, AND MY
DOGGIE'S
NOT WELL,
EITHER!



WITH THE ARMADA BROKEN, THE FLAGSHIP
RUNS FOR HOME....

WHAT WILL OUR PEOPLE SAY
WHEN WE RETURN WITHOUT
THE ARMADA?

WHAT
PEOPLE?



QUICKLY, A RAG-TAG FLEET IS FORMED TO REMOVE THE SURVIVORS...

WELL, DAD, YOU SAID,
"LOAD EVERY CRATE THAT
CAN FLY!"



AN EMERGENCY COUNCIL MEETING...

MY PLAN IS TO HIDE OUT ON
A NEW RECREATION PLANET,
CARRYON.

THE
CYLOONS
WILL
NEVER
LOOK
FOR US
THERE!

AND WE CAN
CHARGE IT
TO OUR
AMERICAN
EXPRESS
CARDS!



THE BOYS IN THE
SHOP BUILT THIS
DAGNABIT FOR YOU!
IT'S PROGRAMMED
TO--

--SIT, BEG!

BUT, ON CARRYON, CLOTAY, QUEEN OF THE
BUGGIONS, PLOTS WITH THE CYLOONS!

ONCE THE COLONIAL
PILOTS ARE IN
YOUR CASINO, WE'LL
SMASH THEIR SHIPS!

GOOD! (SLURP!) YOU
GET THEIR FLEET
AND WE GET THEIR
FEET! ALSO THEIR
EARS AND NOSES!
(DROOL!)



I'LL START WITH
HUMAN-BEAN SOUP-

FOLLOWED BY ROAST
FIGHTER-PILOT!

OUI,
MADAME! AND
MAY I
SUGGEST ZE
STUFFED
RADIO
OPERATOR?



LATER, IN THE HILTON BUGGION CASINO....

BARSTUCK! YOU'VE
WON 32 JACKPOTS
IN A ROW!
SOMETHING SMELLS
HERE!

PROBABLY
MY CIGAR!
I'VE BEEN
SMOKING IT
FOR 8
LIGHT-YEARS!



OH-OH! QUEEN
CLOTAY! AND
SHE'S MADE A
DEAL WITH THE
CYLOONS!

DON'T
BUG
US,
QUEENIE!

GREETINGS,
PLUMP
FIGHTER
PILOTS!
PULL UP A
PLATTER
AND LIE
DOWN! (SLURP!)



HA! YOU THOUGHT
YOU TRAPPED ALL
OUR FLIERS! BUT
WE'RE REALLY
ROBOTS!

GOODIE! THE
WE'LL HAVE
WELSH ROBOT!





AND SO THE
CYLOON
"AMBUSH"
BACKFIRES!

FWOOSH! FWOOSH! FWOOSH!

THEY WERE READY
FOR US! AWWWWK!
THEY'RE FIRING
ION-POWERED
CAN-OPENERS!

WHAT AN
INSULT
WE'RE
NOT
SARDINES!

MAYBE THEY HEARD ABOUT
HOW YOU TAKE AN OLIVE
OIL RUBDOWN EVERY NIGHT,
COMMANDER!



THEN WITH THE CYLOON TASK FORCE DESTROYED.....

NEXT TIME, THE
CYLOONS WILL
SEND TEN TIMES
AS MANY SHIPS
AFTER US!

BUT WE'LL BE GONE
BY THEN-- SEARCHING
FOR PLANET EARTH!



THERE'S A PLANET FOR US
SOMEWHERE A PLANET FOR US
CLEAN AND PEACEFUL AND
MIDDLECLASS
INDOOR PLUMBING TO WARM
YOUR--

AND AS THE SOUND OF THEIR
ANTHEM FADES INTO 12,000
SETTING SUNS, WE SAY GOOD-
BYE TO THIS COURAGEOUS
BUNCH AS THEY WANDER THROUGH
ETERNITY-- OR UNTIL THEIR
NETWORK OPTION RUNS OUT!

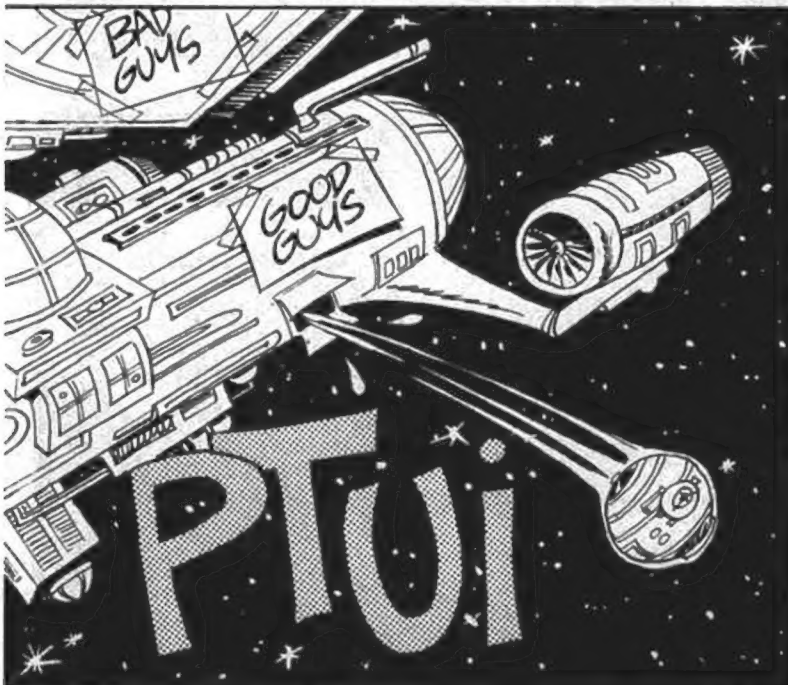
THE
END

IN THE BEGINNING MAN CREATED **FLASH GORDON** AND SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD... THEN HE CREATED **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** AND SAW THAT IT WAS VERY GOOD... THEN HE CREATED **STAR TREK** AND SAW IT IN SYNDICATION FOR MANY YEARS... THEN HE TRIED TO CREATE A **STAR TREK** MOVIE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY OR FORTUNATELY, AS THE CASE MAY BE, THIS LITTLE GEM BEAT HIM TO IT...

STAR BORES

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY DAVE MANAK

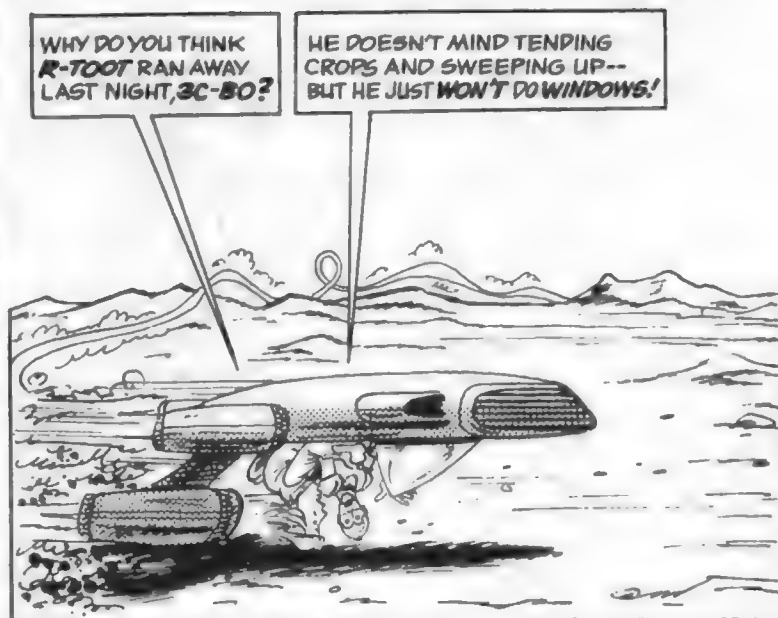
LETTERER: TODD KLEIN





PUKE STARSTUMBLER!
I'VE JUST BOUGHT THESE TWO
DROIDS THAT WERE FOUND
WANDERING IN THE DESERT...

...PUT THEM TO WORK
TENDING THE CROPS,
SWEEPING UP, AND
DOING THE WINDOWS!



WHY DO YOU THINK
R-TOOT RAN AWAY
LAST NIGHT, **3C-50**?

HE DOESN'T MIND TENDING
CROPS AND SWEEPING UP--
BUT HE JUST **WON'T** DO WINDOWS!



THERE HE IS WITH OLD
BUM OKI-WAN FENOKEE,
A MAN WHO POSSESSES
THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE
UNIVERSE AND HAS
POWERS THAT I CAN'T
YET COMPREHEND!

BY THE WAY, BUM, WHY DO
YOU LIVE WAY OUT HERE
IN THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE?

I'M LOST!



R-TOOT'S TAPES SAY THAT
PRINCESS LOONA HAS BEEN
CAPTURED BY MY ONE-TIME
GREAT FRIEND, BUT NOW
ARCH-ENEMY, **LORD BARF**!

WHAT RUINED YOUR GREAT
FRIENDSHIP, BUM?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT
IT MAY HAVE SOME-
THING TO DO WITH
THE **200 BARS** OF
EXTRA-STRENGTH
DEODORANT SOAP
I GAVE TO HIM ON
HIS 30th BIRTHDAY!



BE ALERT, **PUKE**!
THE FORCE TELLS
ME THERE IS
GREAT URGENCY!

TO SAVE
THE
PRINCESS?

NO, TO
FIND THE
NEAREST
MEN'S ROOM!

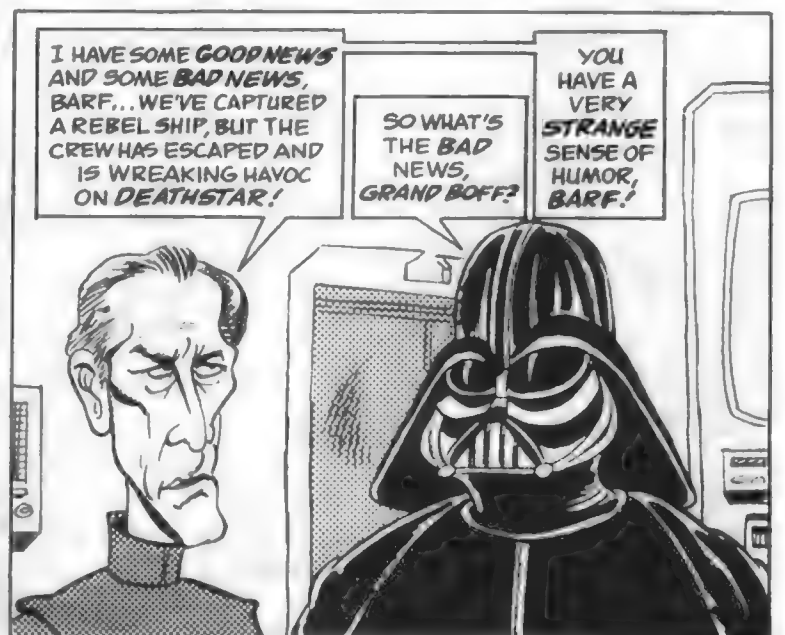
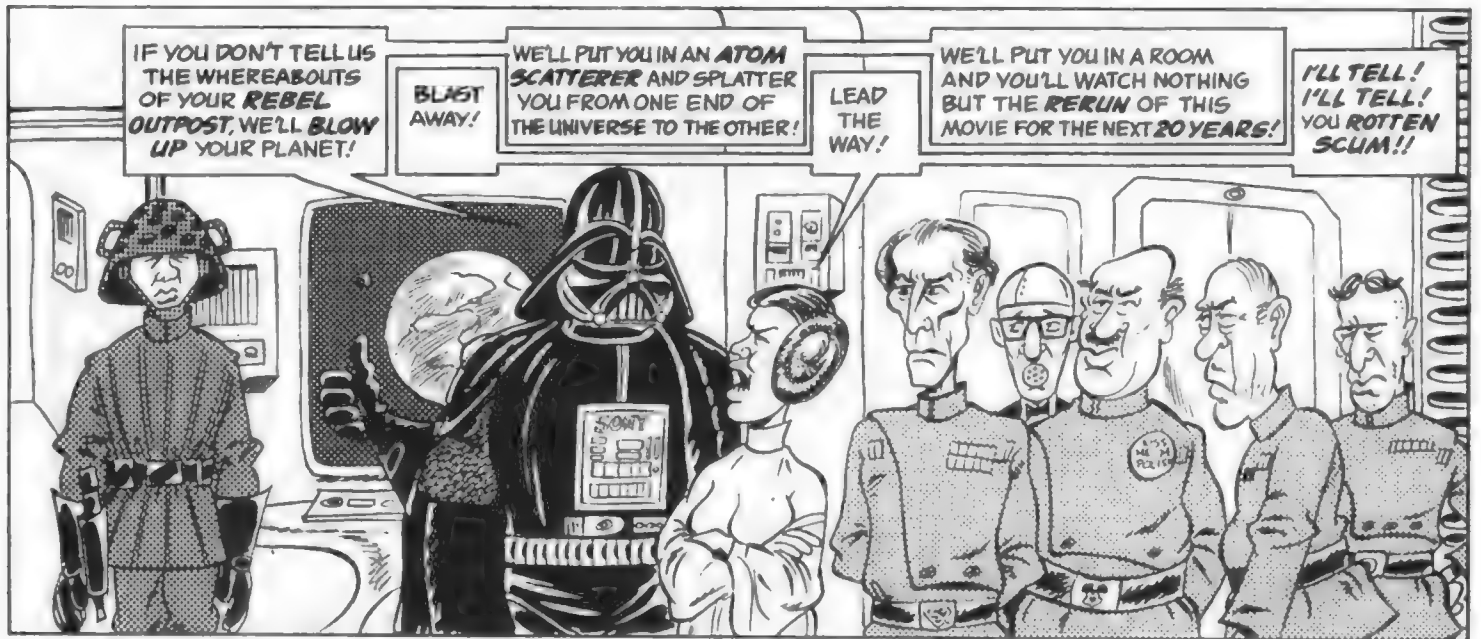
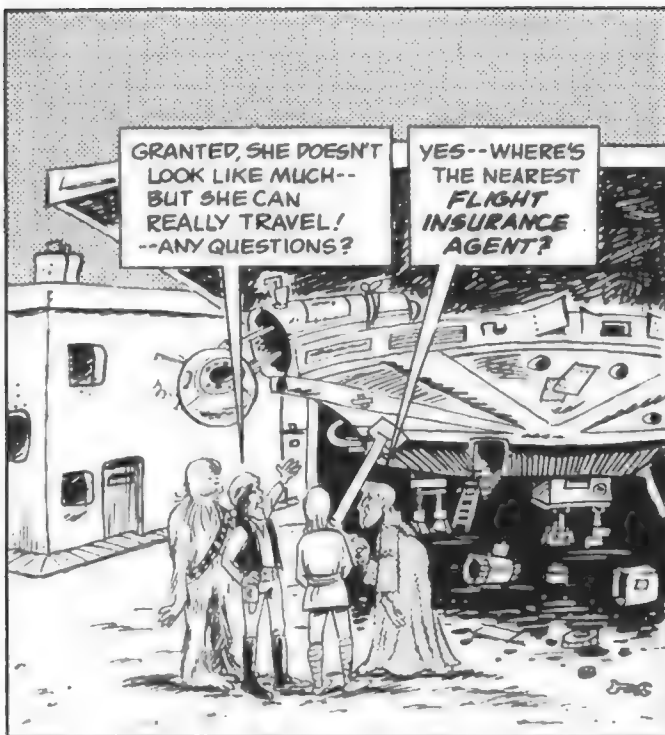
GALAXY
BARS GRILL



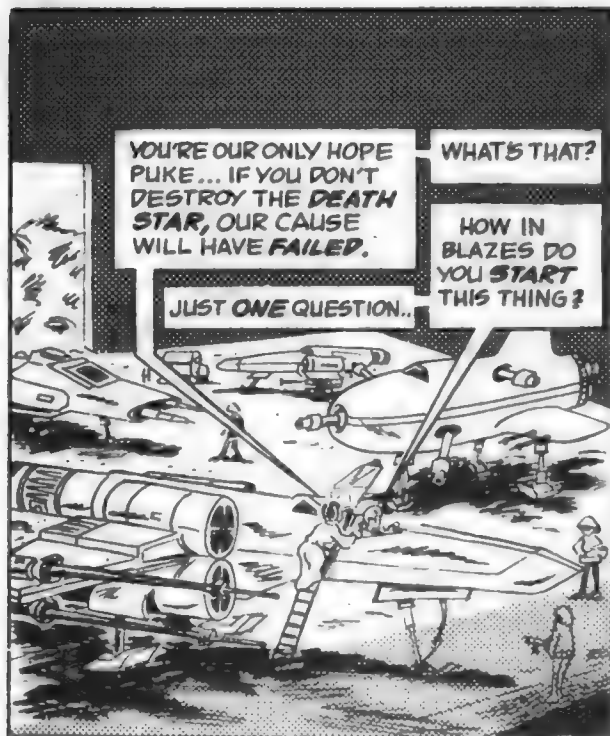
YOU WANT TO HIRE ME AND
MY SHIP TO SAVE THE
PRINCESS, RIGHT?-- WELL IT'LL
COST YOU 10,000 PAZUZZA'S!
HAM SOLOW DOESN'T COME CHEAP!

WE'LL
GIVE
YOU
39.50

I ALSO HAVEN'T
HAD A CUSTOMER
IN THE LAST
TWO YEARS!
YOU'RE ON!



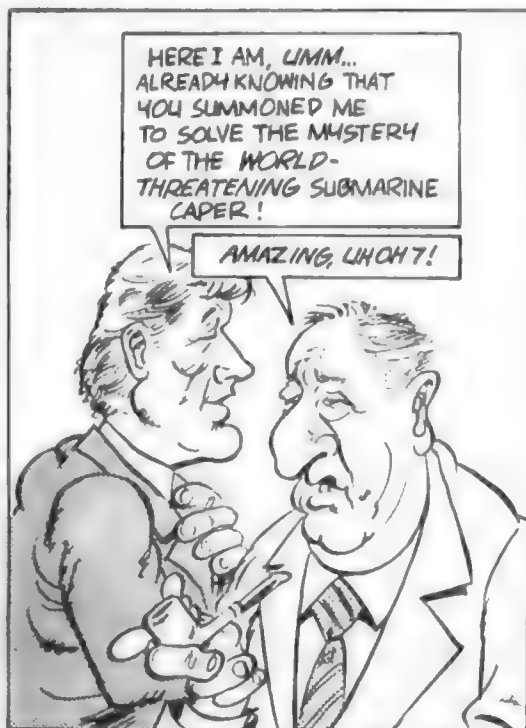




NOW, WITHOUT ANY INTRODUCTION WHATSOEVER (BECAUSE ANY INTRODUCTION WOULD BE AN OVERSTATEMENT!) WE PRESENT 'GAMES BOMBED', THE GREATEST SPY WHO NEVER LIVED, IN...

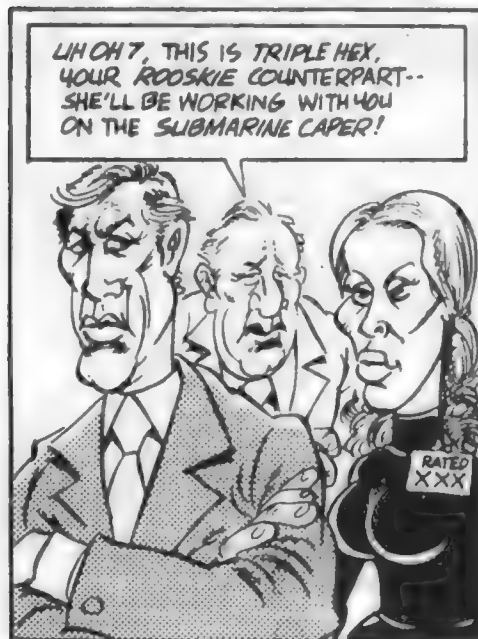
"THE SPY WHO SNUBBED ME"

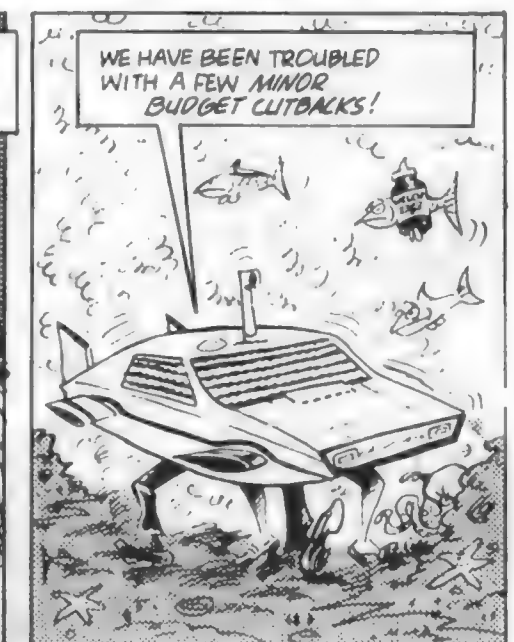
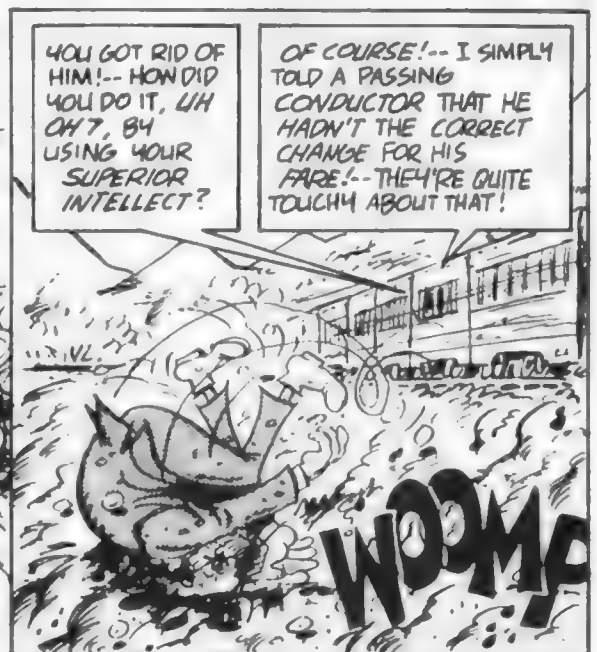
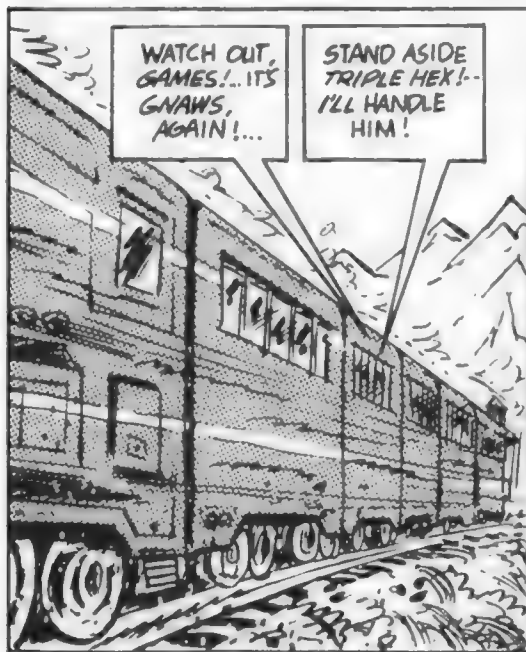
WRITTEN & DRAWN BY DAVE MANAK



NATURALLY, UMM--YOU KNOW THAT I'M CAST OF SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, I'M SLAVE, DEBONAIRE, AND CAN EASILY HANDLE ANY ROMANTIC SITUATION!









DO YOU REALLY
THINK THIS
DISGUISE WILL
WORK, GAMES?

OF COURSE IT WILL
TRIPLE HEX... I'M THE
ONE WHO THOUGHT
IT UP--DIDN'T I?

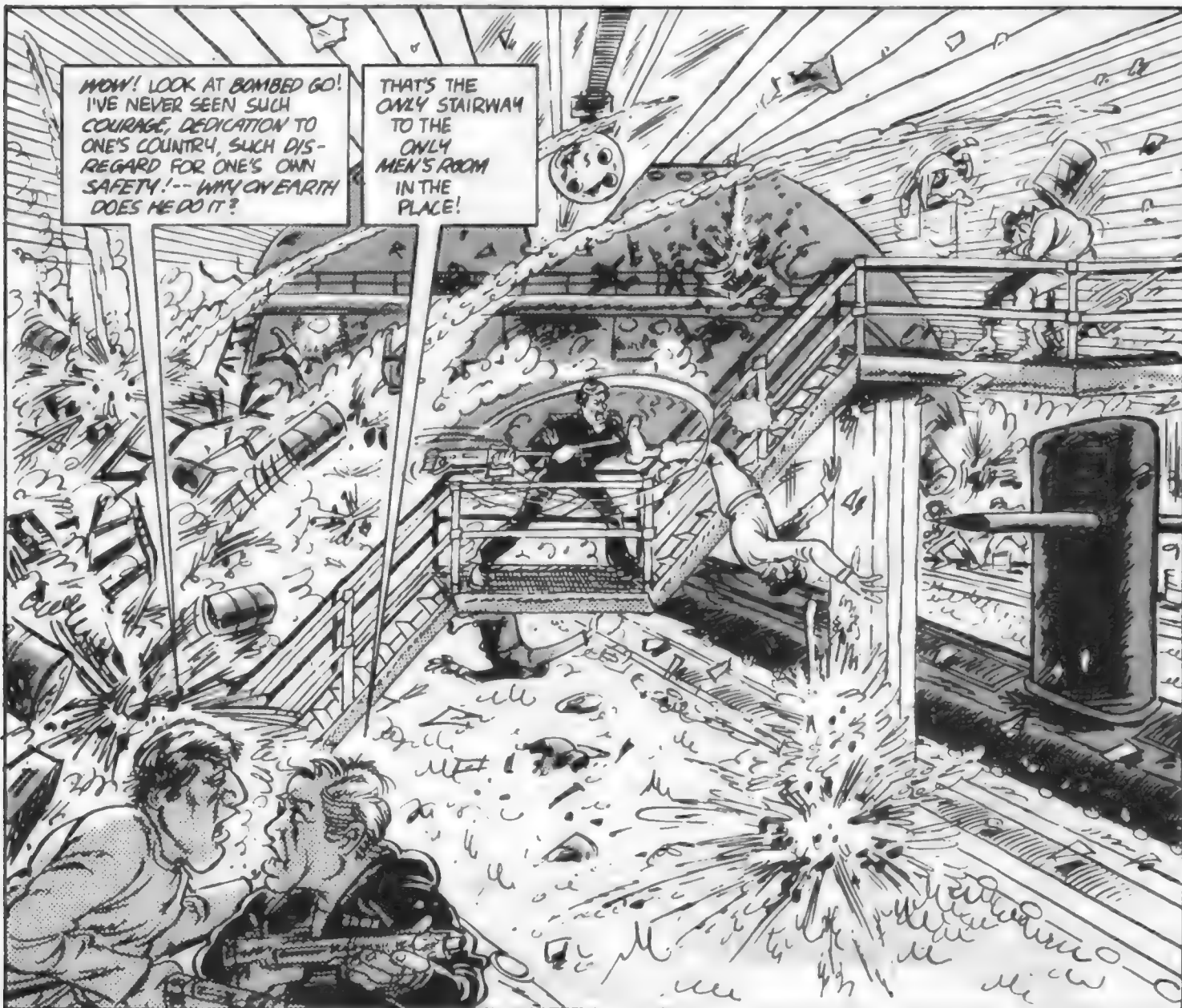


HEY YOU, GET DOWN THERE AND
BRING ME THAT GIRL, OR
I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS,
AND FEED YOU TO MY
MAN-EATING SHARKS!

WELL NOW...
MAYBE YOU'D
LIKE TO
FIND OUT!!!

WAIT A MINUTE... IF I
REFUSE, AND YOU DO THAT,
WHO'LL GO GET THE GIRL?

I'LL BE BACK
WITH THE GIRL
IN A MINUTE!



HOW! LOOK AT BOMBED GO!
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH
COURAGE, DEDICATION TO
ONE'S COUNTRY, SUCH DIS-
REGARD FOR ONE'S OWN
SAFETY!-- WHY ON EARTH
DOES HE DO IT?

THAT'S THE
ONLY STAIRWAY
TO THE
ONLY
MEN'S ROOM
IN THE
PLACE!



AND NOW FOR YOU,
GNAW'S!-- TRY
SINKING YOUR
TEETH INTO THIS!...

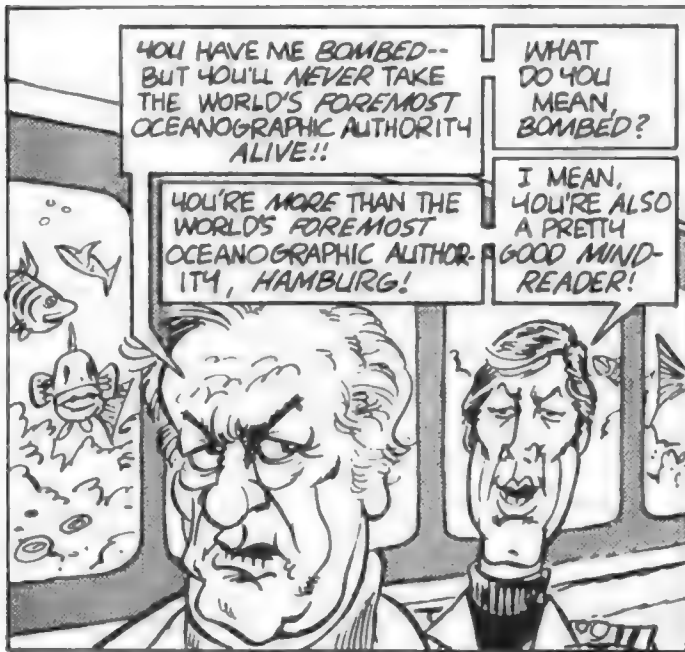
KUNK



...AND TAKE A
LITTLE DIP WITH A
MAN-EATING SHARK!!



ER... AH... A
SHARK-EATING MAN ?!?



YOU HAVE ME BOMBED--
BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST
OCEANOGRAPHIC AUTHORITY
ALIVE!!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN,
BOMBED?

YOU'RE MORE THAN THE
WORLD'S FOREMOST
OCEANOGRAPHIC AUTHORITY,
HAMBURG!

I MEAN,
YOU'RE ALSO
A PRETTY
GOOD MIND-
READER!



I WISH I
COULD
GIVE YOU
AN AWARD,
BOMBED!

FOR
CLEVERNESS?

NO!-- STUPIDITY!--
FOR DOING SOMETHING
AS UNIMAGINATIVE
AS SHOOTING
ME TO DEATH!

BLAM BLAM



WELL, TRIPLE HEX, NOW
THAT YOU'VE SEEN ME IN
ACTION, I GUESS YOU
CAN'T WAIT TO THROW
YOURSELF INTO MY ARMS!



ARE YOU KIDDING?--
WHO NEEDS A PRISSEY
FELLOW LIKE YOU--
NOW THAT I'VE FOUND...



... A **REAL MAN!!!**

END

HERE SHE COMES FLYING INTO YOUR HEARTS! DAUGHTER OF THE AMAZONS!
PRINCESS OF PARASITE ISLAND!

BLUNDER WOMAN

IN HER OTHER IDENTITY AS LT. PIRANA DUNCE, BLUNDER WOMAN WORKS ALONGSIDE A GENIUS AND A MACHINE! THE GENIUS IS IMASMART-1, FAMED COMPUTER! THE MACHINE IS CAPT. "STOVE FEVER"

HURRY UP WITH THAT DUMB LEGEND! EVERYBODY'S WATCHING ME, ANYWAY!

Writer
ARNOLD
DRAKE

AND I'M GETTING DARNED TIRED, TOO!

(CHOKES!) YOU'RE TIRED? I'VE LANDED--(PUFF!)--TUNA THAT WEIGHED LESS THAN YOU!

BLUP! WHIRRRRR!

OH, NO-O-O! THE RACHET SLIPPED!

EEEEK! WHAT'S A RACHET?

INCREDIBLE! SHE'S DUMB TO THE END!

THEN, AT THE INSTANT WHEN SHE SHOULD HIT THE FLOOR.....

CRRRZZZZ!

GONE!
BUT
WHERE?

BACK TO KINDERGARDEN,
I HOPE! THAT WOMAN'S
GOT A LOT TO LEARN!

EDDIE SKUNKSHMECKER,
YOU PUT ME DOWN THIS
MINUTE OR--

I'LL HAVE
YOUR UNION
CARD FOR
THIS!

SECONDS LATER,
THROUGH
SCIENCES
UNKNOWN
TO EVEN
EINSTEIN
AND THE HARDY
BOYS...

THERE
SHE
IS!

WOW! SOME
HOT
'NUMBER!

BIG
DEAL!

A ZERO
SHE AIN'T!

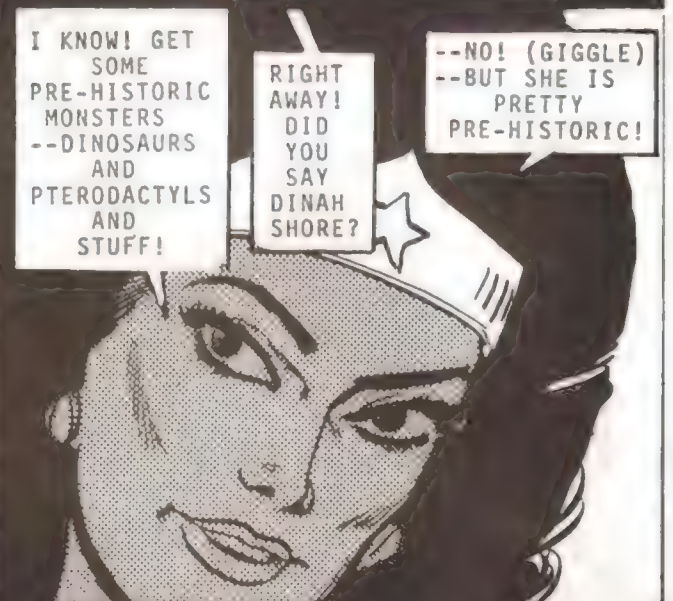
I AM
BARF
VADER,
OF
PLANET
NERD!

YOU SHOW ME WHERE
IT SAYS THAT IN THE
SCRIPT!

I'VE GOT TOTAL
SCRIPT APPROVAL!
MY CONTRACT SAYS
SO!

DON'T YOU
LIKE WHAT
YOU SEE,
BLUNDER-
BABY?
(PANT!)

LIKE IT?
I CAN'T
EVEN
NAME
IT!



SECONDS LATER....



THAT'S BECAUSE
WE DIDN'T BUILD
IT! IT'S A REAL
DINOSAUR--FROM
OUR ZOO! YOU SEE?

---I SEE
EEEEEEEE!

Ooo! YOU NASTY
THING! PUT ME
DOWN OR I'LL
ROPE YOU WITH
MY MAGIC LASSO!

QUICK AS A TEACHER CALLS ON YOU
WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT
ANSWER, SHE SLINGS THE ROPE!

OH! YOU ATE IT,
YOU BEAST! I
HOPE IT GIVES
YOU RADIUM
POISONING!

JUST FOR THAT,
I'LL KLOP YOU
WITH MY MAGIC
BRACLET!

BONKK!
YEEOWWR

SERVES YOU RIGHT!
I FORGOT TO TELL
YOU, THE BRACLET
BELONGED TO
ELIZABETH TAYLOR--

--WHEN SHE WAS
HER FATTEST!

BUT EVEN AS
SHE FREES
HERSELF--

PEEP
PEEP

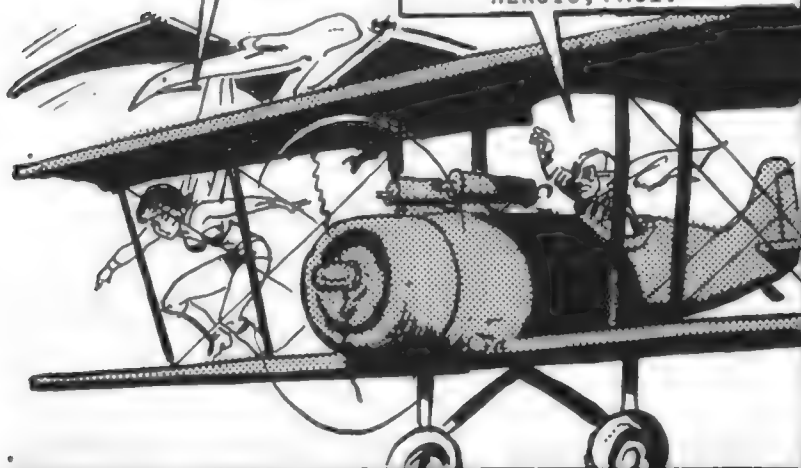
EEEK! A REAL
PTERODACTYL! TO
HIM A SWEET,
VOLOPTUOUS THING
LIKE ME IS NO
MORE THAN A WORM!

DON'T WORRY, WORM! WE'RE
SENDING YOUR HEROIC BOY-
FRIEND, "STOVE" FEVER TO
SAVE YOU!

AND FLYING OUT OF WORLD WAR II COMES....

THAT PLANE'S
NOT FROM WW II!

I KNOW! IT'S FROM WW-II!
BUT IN A CLOSED PLANE
YOU CAN'T SEE MY HANDSOME
HEROIC, FACE!



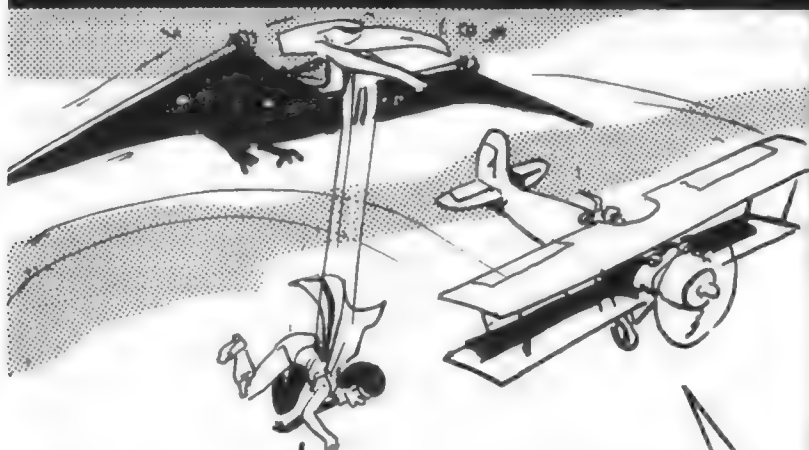
NOW I'LL PICK YOU RIGHT
OUT OF THAT MONSTER'S
TEETH WITH MY BULLETS!
EXCEPT---

---THIS DARN
SCARF IS IN
MY EYES!

RAT-A-TAT TAT! RAT-A-TAT



*SOUND EFFECT BORROWED FROM S.J. PERLEMAN
AND R. KANIGHER



EEK! YOU GOT
HIM IN THE
EYES!

SO IT WASN'T
A TOOTH PICK!
IT WAS AN EYE-
PICK!

MY HERO!

MY HAIR-DO!
IT TOOK ME
TWO HOURS
TO BLOW-
DRY IT!



WELL, I TAUGHT
YOU ALL I KNOW!

YES, THAT'S WHY IT
ONLY TOOK 30 SECONDS!
I MUST SAY YOU ARE
THE WORST ACTRESS
OF THEM ALL!

AND SO, AS OUR
SPECIAL THANKS
TO EARTH, WE ARE
NOT SENDING YOU
BACK!



MOODY ALLEN

ON PLANET NERD or THE INCREDIBLE THINKING MAN!

READY
WHEN
YOU
ARE
M.A.!

HOW CAN I GO ON? I,
THE AVATAR* OF
CONTEMPORARY WIT?
I NEED UNFETTERED**
SELF-EXPRESSION!

I NEED
ATARAXIC***
BLISS!

I NEED
A
PASTRAMI
ON RYE
WITH A
KOSHER
PICKLE!

* LIVING EMBODIMENT
** MIT-OUT FETTERS
***FREE FROM ANXIETY

WHAT'S THAT?
THE GREAT
COSMIC FINGER
REACHING OUT
TO DIDDLE ME?

SOME METAPHYSICAL
YIN ATTRACTED BY MY
IMMORTAL YANG?

OR A DRAFT FROM A
BROKEN FLOORBOARD
OF MY PSYCHE?

EEYAAAAA! THIS
IS THE MOST
ABERRANT ABERRATION
I EVER ABERRATED! AND--

HOO-HA! BARF VADER!
FRANKENSTEIN!
DRACULA! I'D B-B-
BETTER ACT NONCHALANT!


EXCUSE ME,
IS THIS
THE D-TRAIN
TO THE WEST
BRONX?

WHAT'S A
BRONX?

WHAT'S A
D?

WHAT'S A
WHAT?


--MY GODDAMNED
PSYCHIATRIST IS
AT A BACKGAMMON
TOURNAMENT!



YOU ARE ON THE
PLANET NERD-- WHERE
YOU WILL TEACH OUR
PEOPLE TO LAUGH!




WHY DON'T YOUR PEOPLE KNOW
HOW TO LAUGH? DID THEY ALL
VOTE FOR NIXON?




WELL, MY CHIEF
SHTICK IS
PHOBIAS--
NEUROTIC FEARS!

I'M AFRAID OF
HEIGHTS, BLOOD,
NOISE, VIOLENCE,
PAIN AND GIRLS--
IN REVERSE ORDER!



ALSO, I HAVE THIS
TERRIBLE FEELING
OF INFERIORITY,
WHICH MAKES THE
AUDIENCE FEEL
SUPERIOR!



THAT'S IT!
WE'LL IMPROVE
YOUR ACT BY
MAKING YOU
REALLY INFERIOR!

GET THE SHRINKING
RAY!



PEEUUU!
SOMTHING
STINKS!

YES! AND
IT'S ME!

CRACKULA,
YOU IDIOT!
I SAID THE
SHRINKING
RAY!

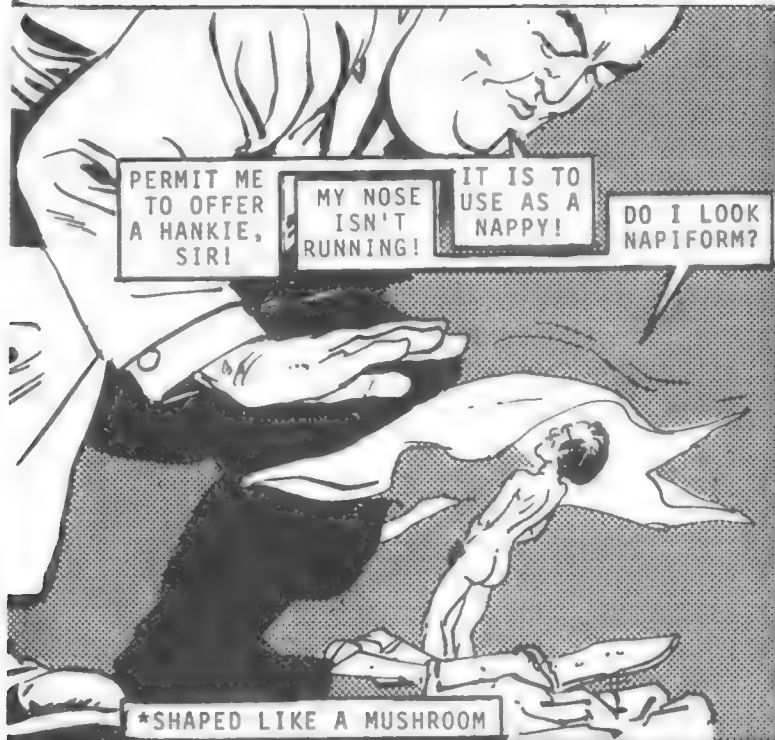
REEEOORRR!

ONE TERRIBLE MOMENT LATER....



THERE!
THAT'S
BETTER!

LIKE FISH! I HAVEN'T BEEN
SO EMBARRASSED SINCE
BEFORE I WAS BORN-- AND
I FLUNKED MY SEX-DETERMINA-
TION TEST!



PERMIT ME TO OFFER A HANKIE, SIR!

MY NOSE ISN'T RUNNING!

IT IS TO USE AS A NAPPY!

DO I LOOK NAPIFORM?

*SHAPED LIKE A MUSHROOM



OH YOU CUTE LITTLE THING!

PLEASE! I AM A MERE HOBBLEDEHOY*! AND DO NOT HOLD ME TOO CLOSE! I NEVER COMPLETED ABLACTATION!**

* A CLUMSY ADOLESCENT
**WEANING FROM THE BREAST



YOU CALL HIM FUNNY-- A NERVOUS, WINKING AND BLINKING THING? WHERE ARE THE LAUGHS?

NOT IN YOUR SOUL, SIR! THAT'S PLAIN ENOUGH!



HERE ARE THE LAUGHS! WE LET HIM FIGHT A PUSSYCAT! HA-HA!

HSSST! NYAWWWRRR!

YIII! PLEASE DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE! I'M WEARING MY B-BEST S-SKIN!



NYAWRRRR!

AH-HA! A PENCIL! WHAT BETTER WEAPON FOR A WRITER--

--EXCEPT, OF COURSE, A BOTTLE OF BOOZE AND A MOUTH FULL OF DIRTY WORDS!

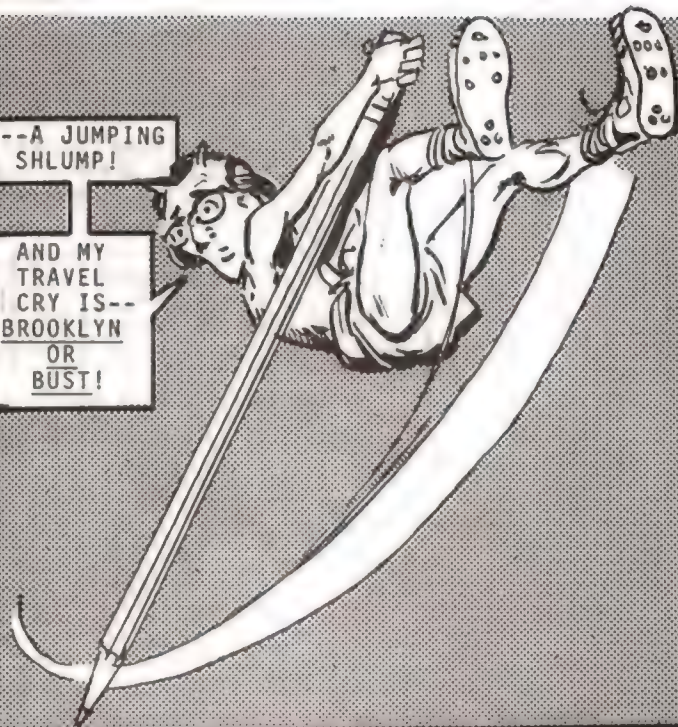
LOOK! HE'S GOING
TO USE THE PENCIL
FOR A SWORD!

WRONG! I'M NOT
A DUELING FOOL!
I'M---



--A JUMPING
SHLUMP!

AND MY
TRAVEL
CRY IS--
BROOKLYN
OR
BUST!



EVEN I CAN
TELL THIS
IS NOT
BROOKLYN!

HA-HA-HA!

MOODY ALLEN, YOU HAVE
TAUGHT US TO LAUGH
AGAIN! FOR THAT WE
WILL RETURN YOU TO
EARTH! GIVE MY
REGARDS TO MEL
BROOKS! HE'S REALLY
FUNNY!



I WONDER IF
I'M TRAVELING
FIRST CLASS
OR TOURIST!

MUST BE TOURIST!
FIRST CLASS, THEY
GIVE YOU A STRAW
WHEN YOU ENTER
THE MILKYWAY!



NOW WE LEARN
HOW TO MAKE
GOOD COPS 'N
ROBBERS SHOW!
ALSO SEXY!

I JUST SET THE
MACHINE FOR--
"VALISE WOMAN!"



PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SEEING STRANGE THINGS IN THE SKIES SINCE THEY CAN REMEMBER. SOME SAY THAT THEY'VE EVEN BEEN TAKEN ABOARD UFO'S AND EXAMINED BY THE OCCUPANTS! WELL, IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO EVEN SEE A SHOOTING STAR, CONSIDER YOURSELF FORTUNATE TO BE WITNESS TO OUR OWN...

MOROSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY
DAVE MANAK





OF COURSE THEY'RE NOT GOING AWAY! THOSE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE DOTS ARE SPLATTERS OF MAYONNAISE FROM YOUR TURKEY SANDWICH, STUPID!

MY GOSH! HALF THE STATE IS BLACKED OUT! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?

ARE YOU KIDDING? DREARY, HERE, HAS ENGINEERING AND ELECTRICAL DEGREES FROM ALL THE TOP INSTITUTES!--WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, DREARY?

HOW ABOUT PUTTING A PENNY IN THE FUSE BOX!



OKAY NOW, DREARY, GET YOUR TRUCK IN GEAR AND KEEP DRIVING WEST 'TIL YOU FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG!

WAIT A MINUTE! ALL OF OUR TERRITORY IS EAST OF HERE!

AND IF YOU SAY ONE MORE WORD, YOU'LL BE IN THE RANKS OF THE UNEMPLOYED!



...YOU BECOME A BORN AGAIN CHRISTAIN!



HEY!-- LOOK OUT!





OH MY GOD! THEY'RE HERE, BRATTY! WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'LL DO! THEY MIGHT EVEN EAT HUMAN BEINGS FOR ALL WE KNOW!



I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO MAKE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE! GOODBYE, BRATTY, MY LOVE!

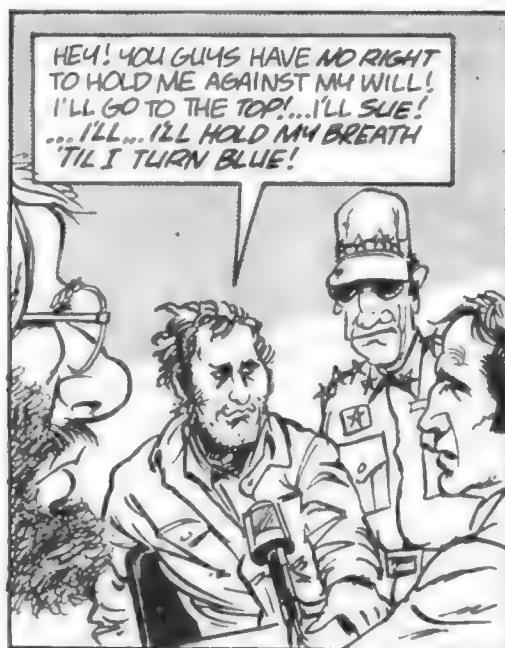


OH-VEY! ISN'T IT BIZARRE THAT ON OUR SEPARATE WAYS TO DEVIL'S MT. WE SHOULD ACCIDENTLY BLUMP INTO EACH OTHER IN THIS MOB OF HUNDREDS OF WILD TOWNSFOLK!

WHAT'S EVEN MORE BIZARRE THAN THAT IS THAT THIS TOWN ONLY HAS A TOTAL POPULATION OF EIGHT!



KRASH





YEARS AGO, THE NOVEL GRAND HOTEL PROVED THAT THE WAY TO RESCUE A DULL, BORING STORY IS BY COMBINING IT WITH OTHER DULL, BORING STORIES! MOVIES SOON COMPOUNDED THE MESS BY LOADING THE CAST WITH STARS WHO MADE THE STORIES DULLER AND MORE BORING! THE TREND FINALLY CRESTED ON TV, WITH THE MOST DULL, THE MOST BORING, THE MOST STAR-STUDDED SERIES OF ALL.....

GEORGE KASHDAN
Writer

LOVE THAT BOAT



WELCOME ABOARD!
I'M GHOULIE
McJOY, YOUR
CRUISE
DIRECTOR!

I'M LOAFER
SMITH,
YOUR
YEOMAN
PURSAR!
CAN I BE
OF
ASSISTANCE.
M'AM?

MY NAME IS
SHMEER
BONEHEAD,
AND I'M
TAKING
THIS TRIP
TO FORGET
MY
HUSBAND,
FUNNY!

CAPT.
STERILE
STUPID
AT YOUR
SERVICE,
SIR!

HI THERE--I'M
ATOM TRICKER,
THE SHIP'S
DOCTOR!
HAVEN'T WE
MET BEFORE?

MY NAME'S
FUNNY
BONEHEAD,
AND I'M
TAKING
THIS TRIP
TO FORGET
MY WIFE,
SHMEER!

I AM CAPT.
SLY...THE
MARITIME
COMMISSION
HAS
ASSIGNED
ME TO
INVESTIGATE
CHARGES
THAT YOU
PERSECUTE
YOUR CREW!

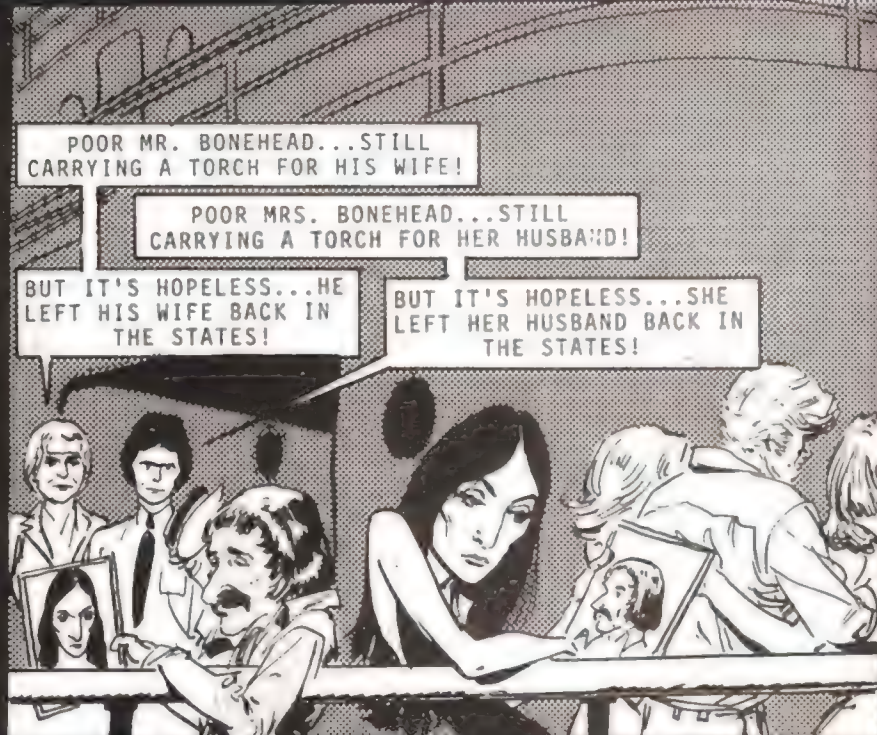
AIN'T YOU
HEARD, BABY?
I'M YOUR
LOVE-
INTEREST
ON THIS
TRIP...
THE CHICK
YOU GOT
A YEN
FOR, BUT
SHE'S TOO
PURE TO
PUT OUT!



WHEE...
WE'RE
TAKING
OFF!

CAPTAIN,
WHY ARE
THOSE
COOKS
GATHERING
UP THE
STREAMERS?

SHHH...
THEY'RE
PREPARING
TONIGHT'S
SPAGHETTI
DINNER!



POOR MR. BONEHEAD...STILL
CARRYING A TORCH FOR HIS WIFE!

POOR MRS. BONEHEAD...STILL
CARRYING A TORCH FOR HER HUSBAND!

BUT IT'S HOPELESS...HE
LEFT HIS WIFE BACK IN
THE STATES!

BUT IT'S HOPELESS...SHE
LEFT HER HUSBAND BACK IN
THE STATES!

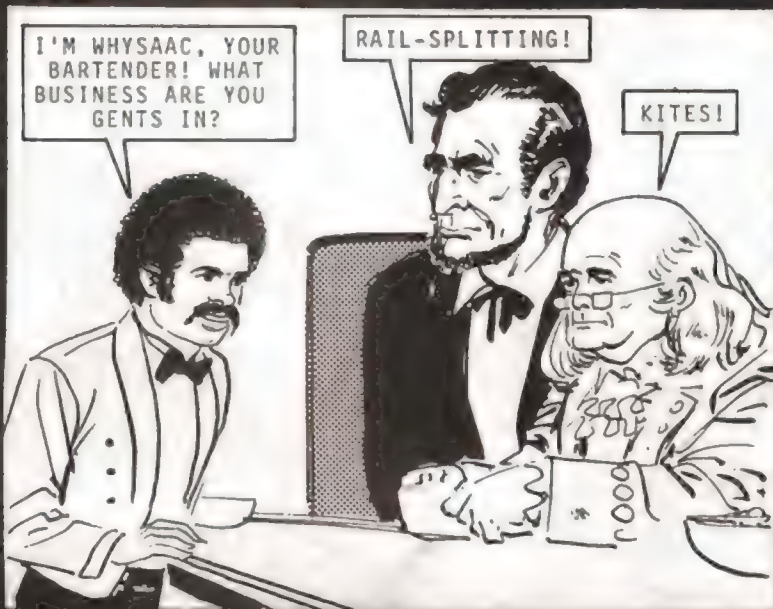


THIS PLOT IS HOPELESS TOO, LOAFER!

WHY GHOULIE?

A COUPLE SPENDS A WEEK ON
A SHIP WITHOUT NOTICING
EACH OTHER...WHO'D EVER
BELIEVE IT?

FUNNY AND SHMEER WILL MAKE IT
CONVINCING--BECAUSE THEY'RE
DUMB ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IT!



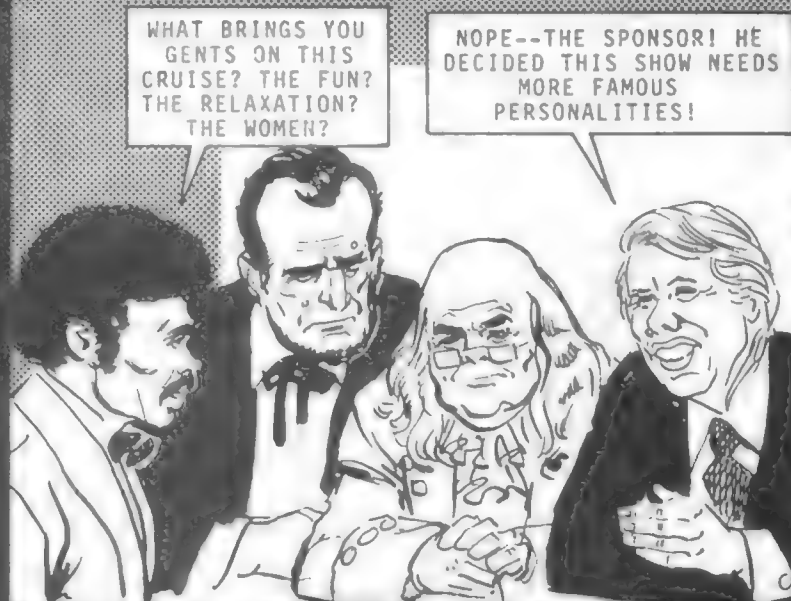
I'M WHYSAAC, YOUR
BARTENDER! WHAT
BUSINESS ARE YOU
GENTS IN?

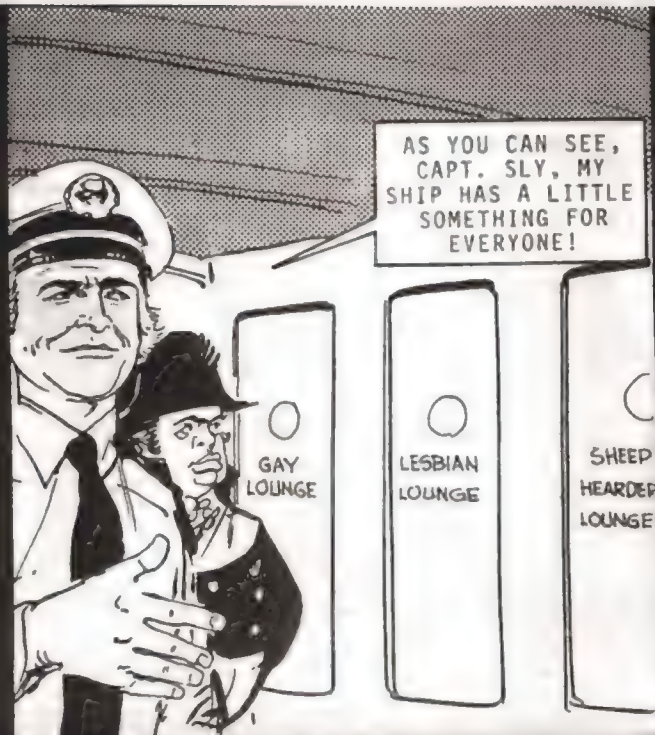
RAIL-SPLITTING!

KITES!



MAHSE'F,
I'M IN
PEANUTS!



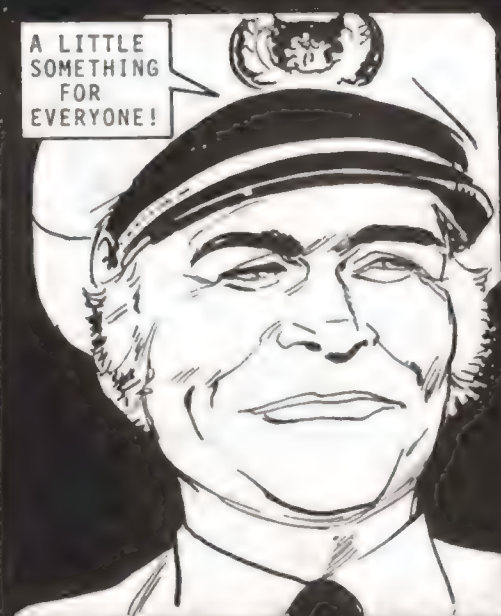


AS YOU CAN SEE, CAPT. SLY, MY SHIP HAS A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE!

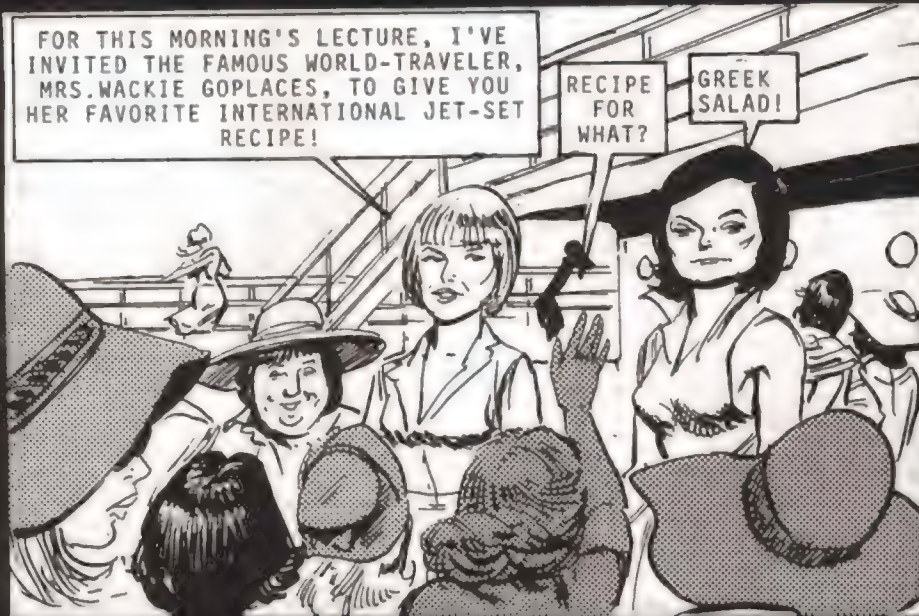


AND WHAT, CAPT. STUPID, IS THE MEANING OF THIS TORTUROUS LOOKING LADY!?

OUR CAPT. BLY NUMBER...VERY POPULAR!



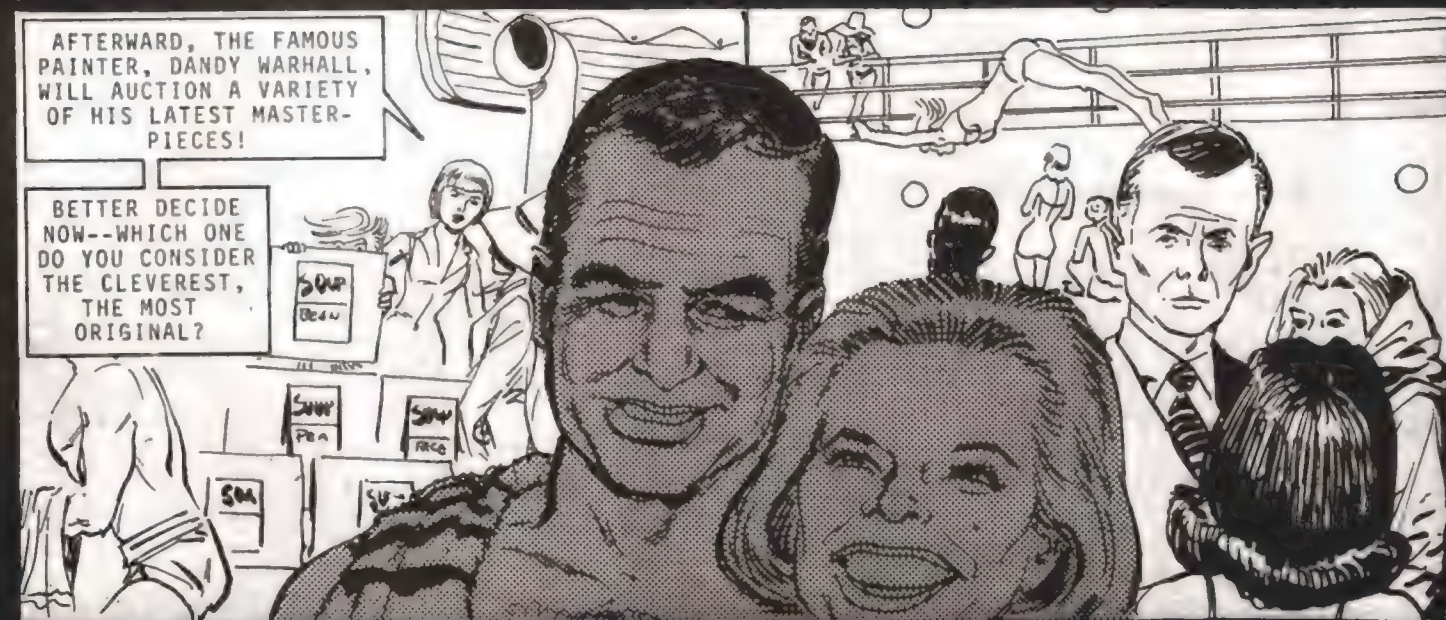
A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE!



FOR THIS MORNING'S LECTURE, I'VE INVITED THE FAMOUS WORLD-TRAVELER, MRS. WACKIE GOPLACES, TO GIVE YOU HER FAVORITE INTERNATIONAL JET-SET RECIPE!

RECIPE FOR WHAT?

GREEK SALAD!



AFTERWARD, THE FAMOUS PAINTER, DANDY WARHALL, WILL AUCTION A VARIETY OF HIS LATEST MASTER-PIECES!

BETTER DECIDE NOW--WHICH ONE DO YOU CONSIDER THE CLEVEREST, THE MOST ORIGINAL?



I LIKE YOU, LOAFER,
BECAUSE YOU'RE DIF-
FERENT FROM MY
HUSBAND!

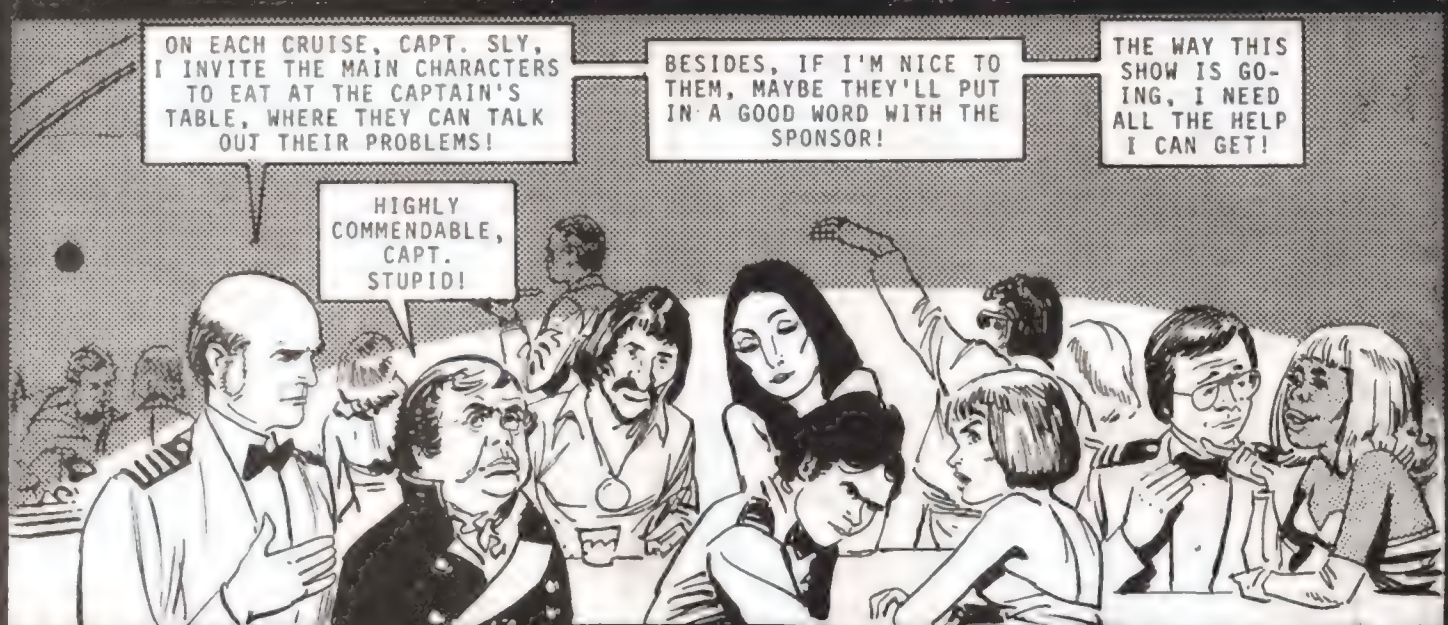
I LIKE YOU, GHOULIE,
BECAUSE YOU'RE DIF-
FERENT FROM MY WIFE!

IN WHAT WAY, MR.
BONEHEAD?

IN WHAT WAY, MRS.
BONEHEAD?

ALL FUNNY WANTS
IS SEX!

ALL SHMEER WANTS
IS SEX!



ON EACH CRUISE, CAPT. SLY,
I INVITE THE MAIN CHARACTERS
TO EAT AT THE CAPTAIN'S
TABLE, WHERE THEY CAN TALK
OUT THEIR PROBLEMS!

BESIDES, IF I'M NICE TO
THEM, MAYBE THEY'LL PUT
IN A GOOD WORD WITH THE
SPONSOR!

THE WAY THIS
SHOW IS GO-
ING, I NEED
ALL THE HELP
I CAN GET!

HIGHLY
COMMENDABLE,
CAPT.
STUPID!



YOU TURN ME ON,
CHICK, 'CAUSE
YOU REMIND ME
OF MY WIFE!

FUNNY
BONEHEAD!
WHAT'S
YOURS?

AND YOU REMIND
ME OF MY HUSBAND,
STUD! WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

SHMEER
BONEHEAD!

YOU EVEN GOT
THE SAME
NAME!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO
ESCAPE YOU, STERILDEEN..
BY DEDICATING MYSELF TO
A CAUSE THAT'LL TAKE ME
AWAY FROM YOU!

WHAT CAUSE, BABY? THE WORLD
HEALTH ORGANIZATION? THE
INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS?

THE KU
KLUX
KLAN!



AS YOU CAN
SEE, CAPT.
SLY, ALL
OUR STORIES
HAVE
HAPPY
ENDINGS!

NOT
QUITE,
CAPT.
STUPID!

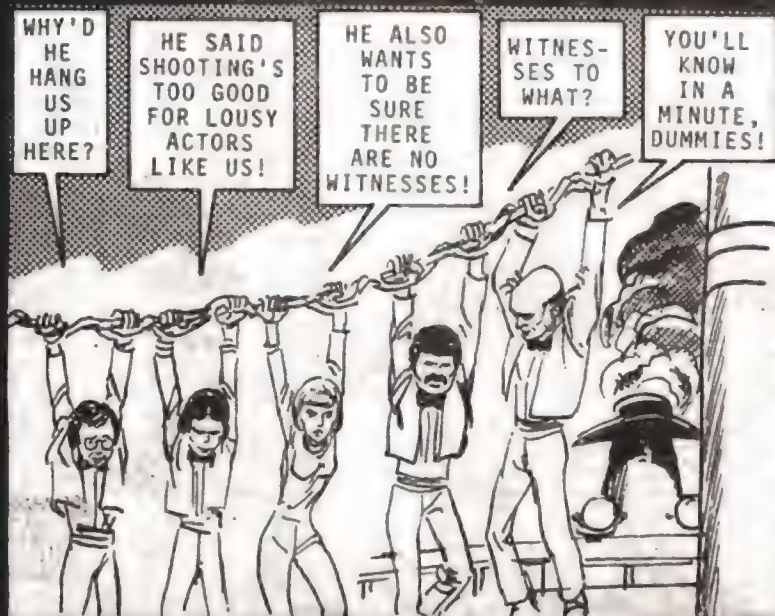
OH--? IS
THERE
SOMETHING
THAT
LEAVES
YOU
UNHAPPY?

YES--THE
NOTION
OF A
KLUTZ LIKE
YOU
RUNNING
THIS
VESSEL!



TAKE THEM AWAY, MR. KNISHTIAN!
IF YOU DO A GOOD JOB, I'LL SEE
THAT THE ADMIRALITY GRANTS YOU
A PARDON!

AYE,
AYE,
CAPT.
SLY!



WHY'D
HE
HANG
US
UP
HERE?

HE SAID
SHOOTING'S
TOO GOOD
FOR LOUSY
ACTORS
LIKE US!

HE ALSO
WANTS
TO BE
SURE
THERE
ARE NO
WITNESSES!

WITNES-
SES TO
WHAT?

YOU'LL
KNOW
IN A
MINUTE,
DUMMIES!



COMING NEXT SATURDAY ON A.B.C.
...A SNEAK PREVIEW OF A BRAND-
NEW SHOW!

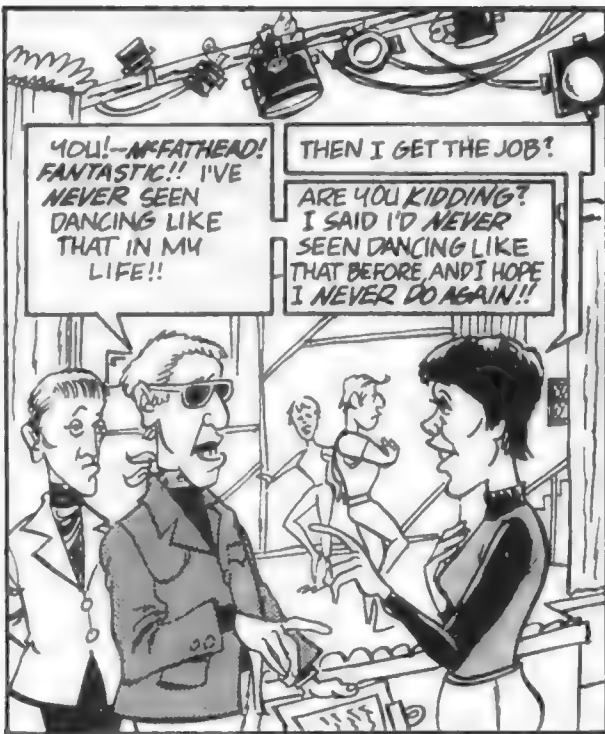
FOR THE LAST FEW DECADES, NEIL SIMON HAS WRITTEN ONE COMEDY HIT AFTER ANOTHER, WITH, OF COURSE, THE **ODD COUPLE** LEADING THE BUNCH. WELL, HIS MOST RECENT ACCOMPLISHMENT IS ABOUT ANOTHER KIND OF **ODD COUPLE** - ONLY THIS TIME, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE THE OLD SAYING, "BIRDS OF A DIFFERENT GENDER FLOCK TOGETHER!" AND INSTEAD OF CALLING THIS ONE 'ODD COUPLE II', THEY CALLED IT...

The GOODBYE GIRL

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY DAVE MANAK







YOU!--MFFATHEAD!
FANTASTIC!! I'VE
NEVER SEEN
DANCING LIKE
THAT IN MY
LIFE!!

THEN I GET THE JOB?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
I SAID I'D NEVER
SEEN DANCING LIKE
THAT BEFORE AND I HOPE
I NEVER DO AGAIN!!



IT'S NO USE, MUCK--I'VE
DUG DOWN DEEP
WRENCHED AND TWISTED
MY GUTS--AND I STILL
CAN'T PLAY RICHARD III
GAY!-- WHAT DO YOU
THINK, MUCK?

I THINK IF YOU DON'T
DO IT, YOU'RE FIRED!

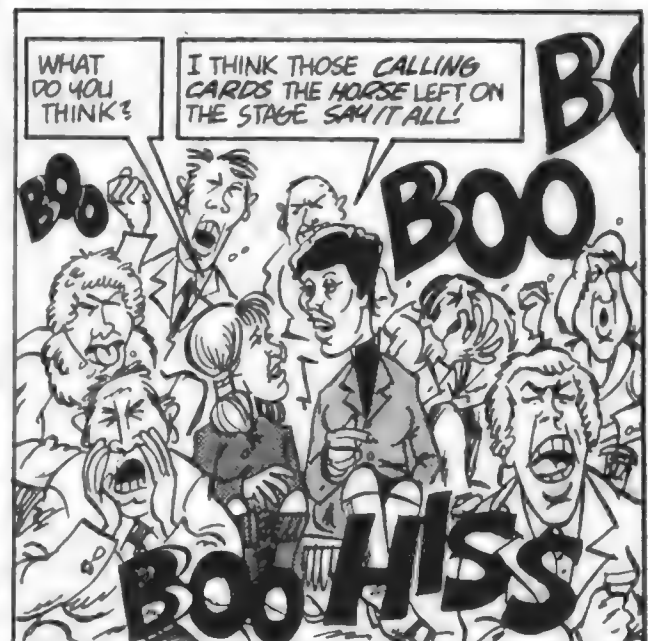
WHEN DO WE
GO ON?



A HORTH!... A HORTH!...
MY KINGDOM FOR
A HORTH!!



GALLOP
GALLOP
GALLOP



WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

I THINK THOSE CALLING
CARDS THE HORSE LEFT ON
THE STAGE SAY IT ALL!

BOO

BOO

BOO HISS



LOOZY!--I'M
FINISHED!--I'M
NOTHING BUT A
TWO-BIT WASHOUT
OF AN ACTOR... AN
INSULT TO MY
ART!... THE ONLY
THING THAT CAN
SAVE ME NOW IS
AN ACT OF GOD!

WHAT'RE YOU DOING
LOOZY?--
PRAYING FOR
A MIRACLE?

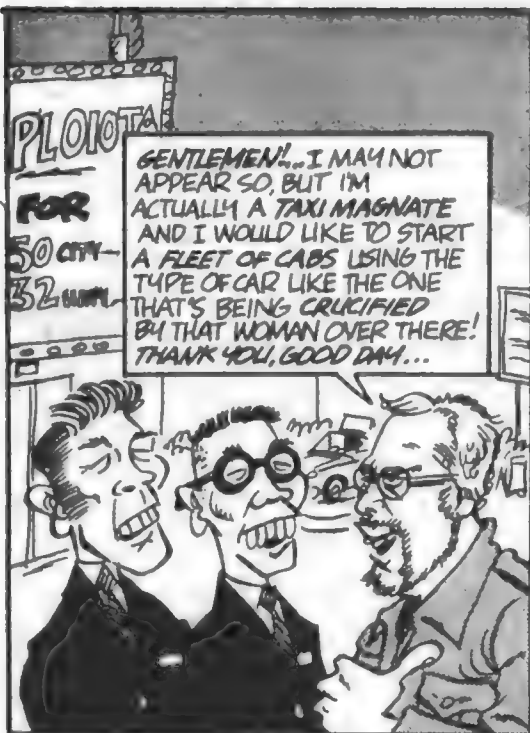
NOT REALLY... I'M
PRAYING FOR
SOMETHING A LITTLE
MORE LIKE A
LIGHTNING BOLT!

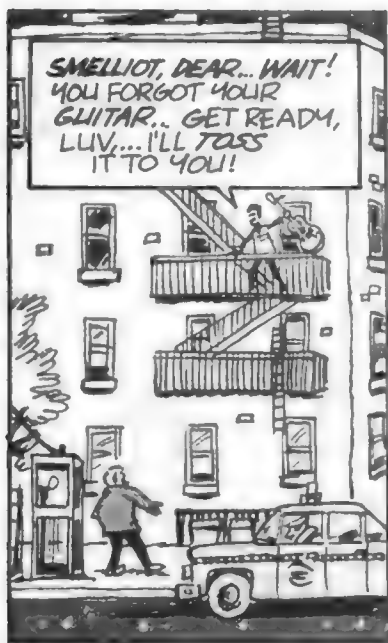


LOOZY... THE MERE
FACT THAT YOUR
MOM GOT THIS
JOB SHOWS THAT
SHE'S A WOMAN
OF GREAT ABILITY
AND DRIVE!

YEAH... IT LOOKS
LIKE SHE HAS
A GREAT
ABILITY TO
DRIVE AWAY
ANY
CUSTOMER!!

FLORIDA





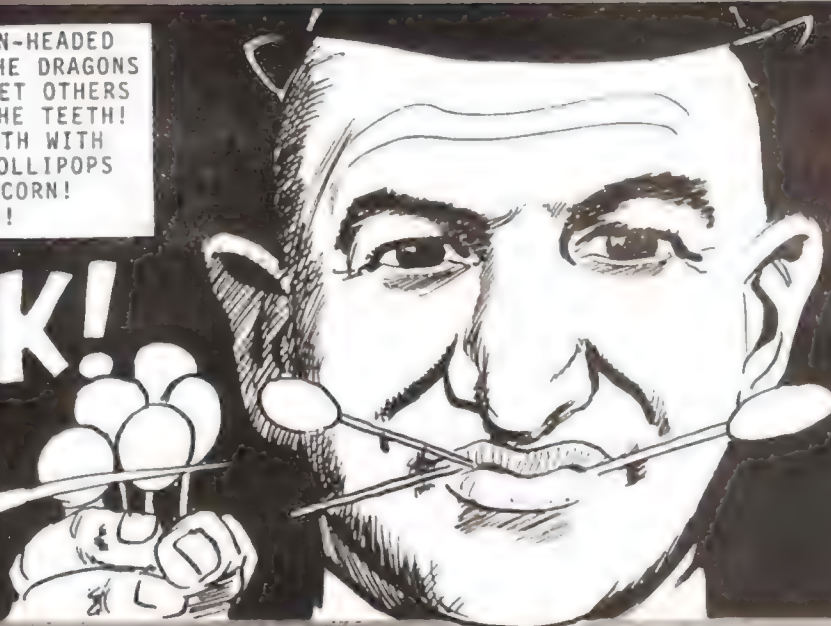
SPOKING



HERE HE IS, THE SKIN-HEADED
KNIGHT WHO BATTLES THE DRAGONS
OF BIG-CITY CRIME. LET OTHERS
ARM THEMSELVES TO THE TEETH!
KOJERK MARCHES FORTH WITH
NOTHING BUT SOME LOLLIPOPS
AND A BAG OF POPCORN!
THAT'S TOUGH!

KOJERK!

WHAT KILLED
HER STAYGROSS?



SHE WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD, STABBED
IN THE HEART, POISONED FROM A
BOTTLE MARKED "SACCHARIN" AND
STRANGLED WITH HER OWN STOCKINGS!

OOOO!
I'LL BET
THAT
SMARTED!
HAVE
SOME
POPCORN!



HOW CAN YOU EAT
THAT JUNK WHEN
YOU'RE LOOKING AT
A BRUTALLY
MUTILATED
CORPSE?

WHAT'S 'AMATTA? YOU
THINK I GOT NO CLASS?
YOU THINK I DON'T
SUFFER WHEN MY
PEOPLE GET CHOPPED
UP?



YOUR PEOPLE?
YOU MEAN
GREEKS?

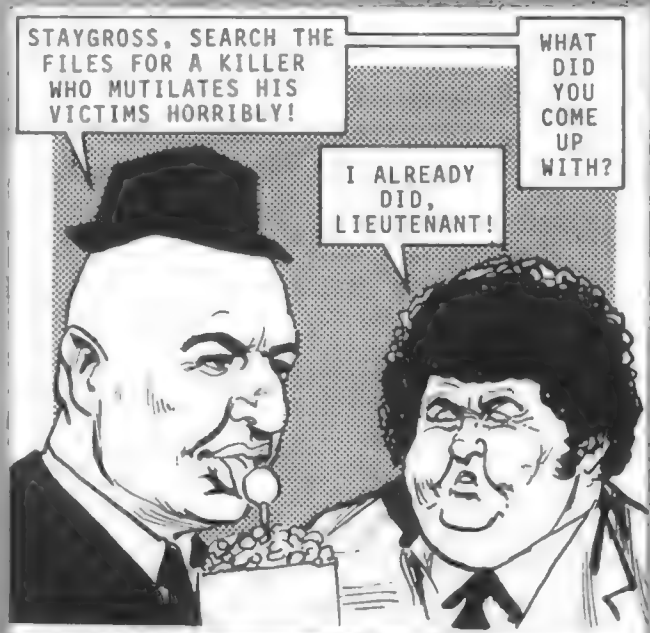
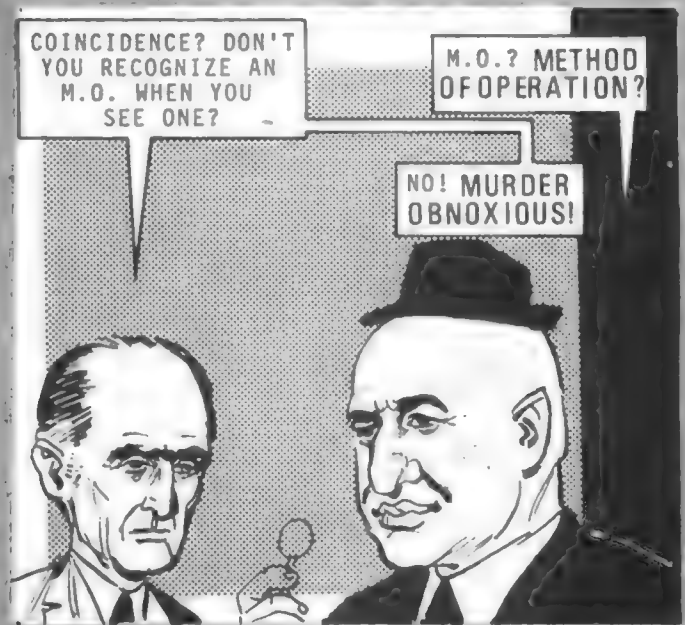
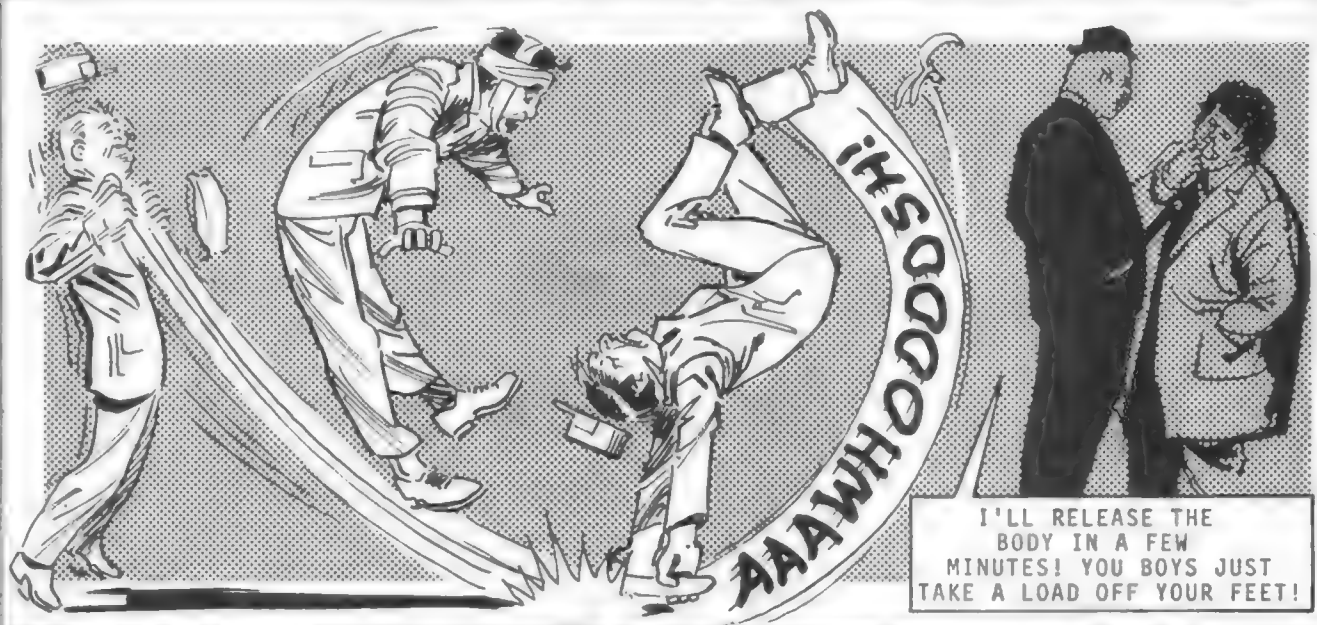
NAHI PIMPS,
PUSHERS, WHORES,
CHILD MOLESTERS!
MY PEOPLE!

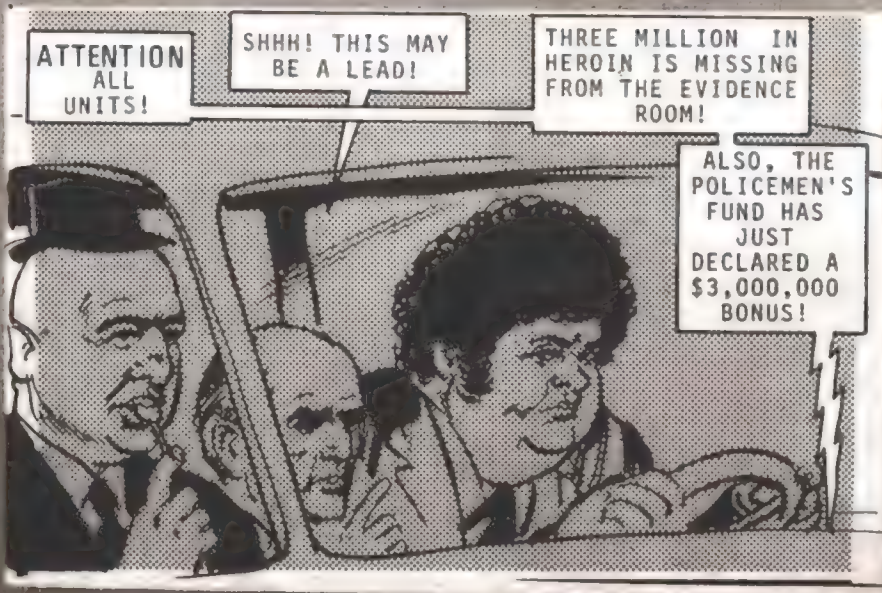
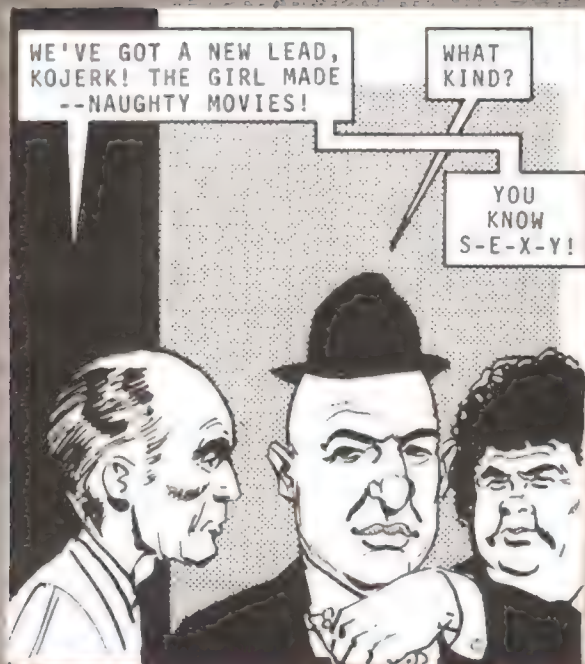


JUST TELL THEM THEY'VE GOT
NO HEART--AND THEY'LL
CUT OUT YOUR GIZZARD
AND FEED IT TO YOU!

HERE
COMES THE
STRETCHER
CREW
LIEUTENANT!

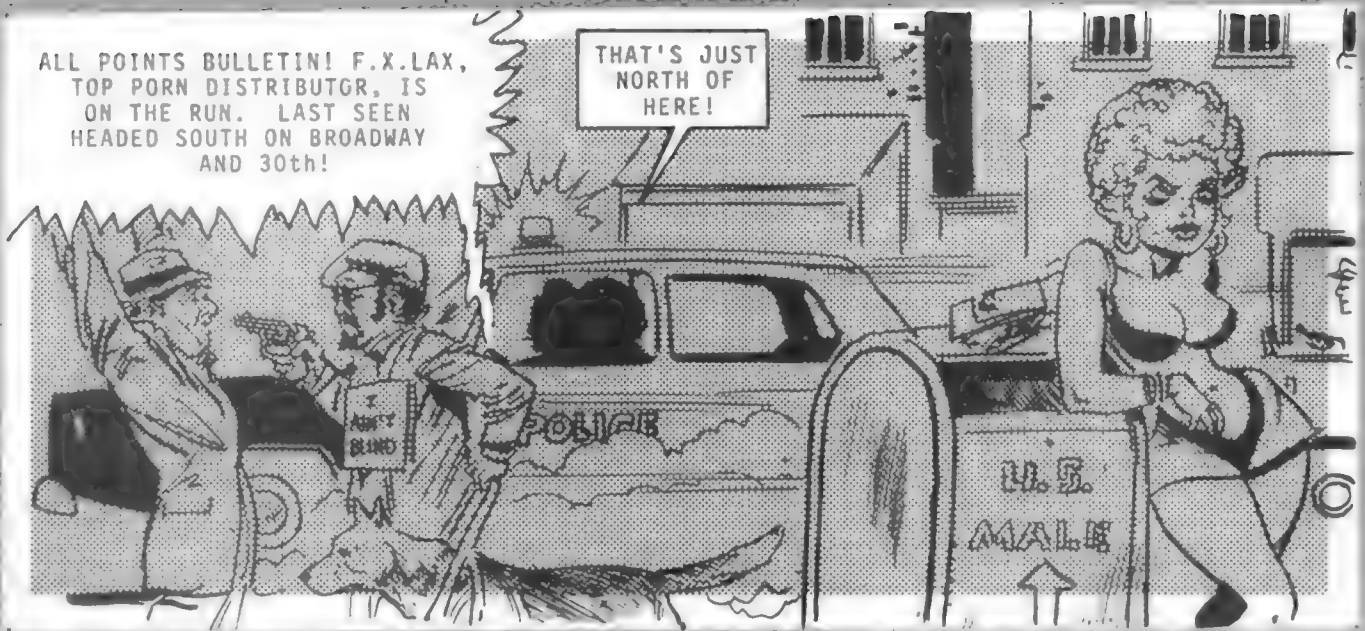






ALL POINTS BULLETIN! F.X.LAX,
TOP PORN DISTRIBUTOR, IS
ON THE RUN. LAST SEEN
HEADED SOUTH ON BROADWAY
AND 30th!

THAT'S JUST
NORTH OF
HERE!



HE IS DANGEROUS! VOTED
FOR NIXON--TWICE! ARM
YOURSELVES TO THE TEETH!

KOJERK,
TAKE
EXTRA
LOLLIPOPS!



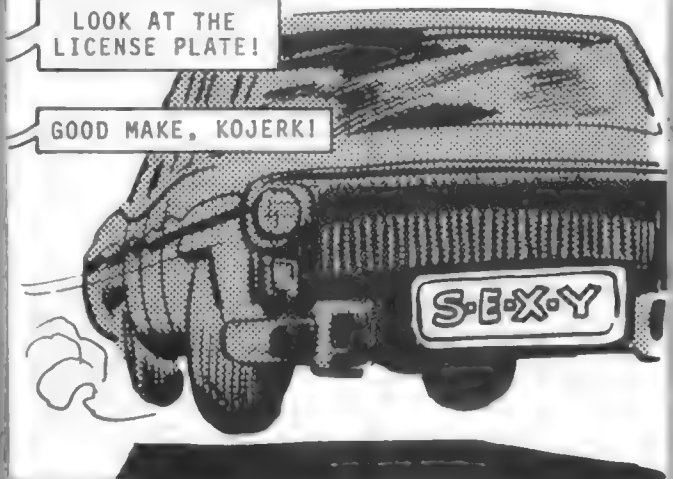
YOU
BET!

HERE COMES LAX!

HOW DO YOU KNOW
IT'S HIS CAR?

LOOK AT THE
LICENSE PLATE!

GOOD MAKE, KOJERK!



BRRUPP
BRRUPP!
BRRUPPP!

POLICE



SPLAT SQUASH!

HE GOT STAYGROSS,
THE MONSTER!

YEAH! HE MUST'VE KNOWN
I HATE BLUEBERRY!





HE'S HOLED UP IN THAT HOTEL--AND HE'S DESPERATE!

RIGHT! HE'S USING WATER BOMBS!

BOOM!



THIS IS KOJERK! DISPATCH THE S-SQUAD, FAST!

N--NO, KOJERK! NOT THE S-SQUAD! THAT'S STRICTLY A LAST RESORT!

WELL WHAT RESORT DO YOU THINK WE'RE AT, THE HILTON SHANGRILLA?



DESPERATE MOMENTS AND LOTS OF BAD TV BACKGROUND MUSIC LATER...

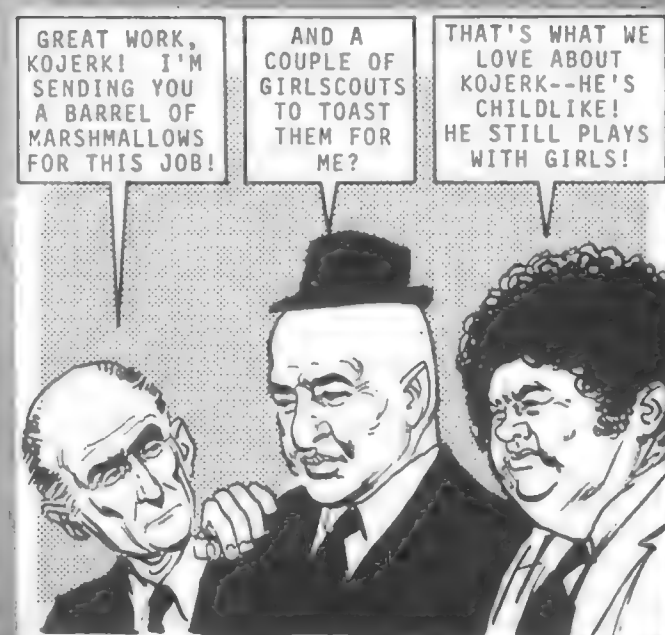
REMEMBER, MEN, THIS MAN IS DESPERATE! SHOW HIM NO MERCY!

YOU'RE TALKING TO THE S-SQUAD, LIEUTENANT! NOT A BUNCH OF SWAT SISSIES!



MADRE MIA! IS THIS THE WAY F.X. LAX MUST DIE!

STOP COMPLAINING! WITH SOME MILK AND CHOCOLATE SYRUP YOU CAN HAVE YOURSELF AN EGG CREAM!



GREAT WORK, KOJERK! I'M SENDING YOU A BARREL OF MARSHMALLOWS FOR THIS JOB!

AND A COUPLE OF GIRLSQUITS TO TOAST THEM FOR ME?

THAT'S WHAT WE LOVE ABOUT KOJERK--HE'S CHILDLIKE! HE STILL PLAYS WITH GIRLS!

...SO HOW COME MEN LIKE YOU MORE, MARY

BECAUSE I'M STILL A VIRGIN!

SINCE WHEN DID MEN DIG VIRGINS?

SINCE MY HUSBAND PUT UP THE MONEY FOR THIS CORNBALL SHOW!



MARY WAS VERY SYMPATHETIC WITH HER FRIEND'S PROBLEM...

I'VE GOT TO CHANGE HER LIFE-STYLE BEFORE IT DRIVES HER TO THE GRAVE!

WHAT'S SO DANGEROUS ABOUT HER LIFE-STYLE, MARY?

IT MAKES ME JEALOUS ENOUGH TO KILL HER!



BESIDES, SHE'S SO CLEVER AND CHARMING, THE AUDIENCE LIKES HER MORE THAN ME!

BUT HOW CAN YOU CHANGE HER?

BY FINDING HER A HUSBAND AND GIVING HER A SHOW THAT'LL MAKE HER AS DULL AND TRITE AS I AM!



AND THAT'S HOW A SCINTILLATING STAR-LET WAS CONVERTED INTO A CLICHE CHARACTER WHOSE TRIVIAL, UNORIGINAL ADVENTURES ARE PRESENTED UNDER THE NAME OF....



ROADER

GEORGE KASHDAN
Writer



SOB! NOW THAT YOU'RE MARRIED ROADER, WHAT'LL BECOME OF ME?

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE BOUNTY COMMERCIALS, MA!

DROP DEAD!



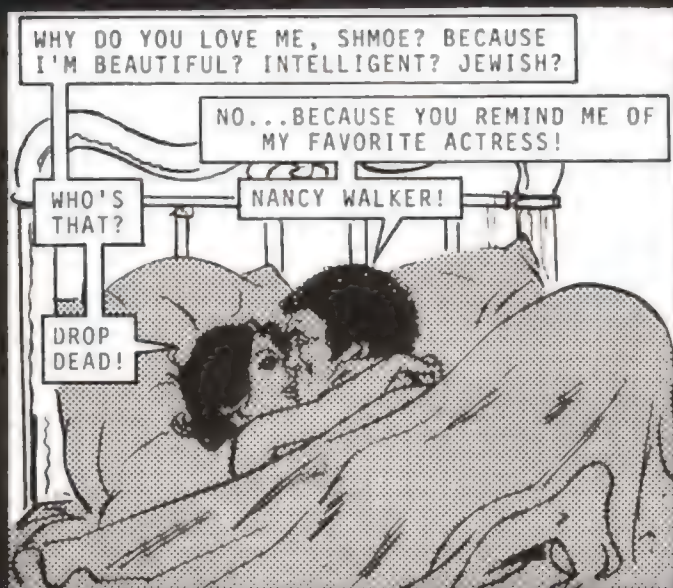
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, MRS. STERNOCAN, YOU HAVEN'T LOST A DAUGHTER, YOU'VE GAINED A SON!

THAT KLUTZ? BETTER I SHOULD REMAIN CHILDLESS!



BUT ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT... SHMOE MAKES ROADER LOOK LIKE A TALENTED ACTRESS!

DROP DEAD!



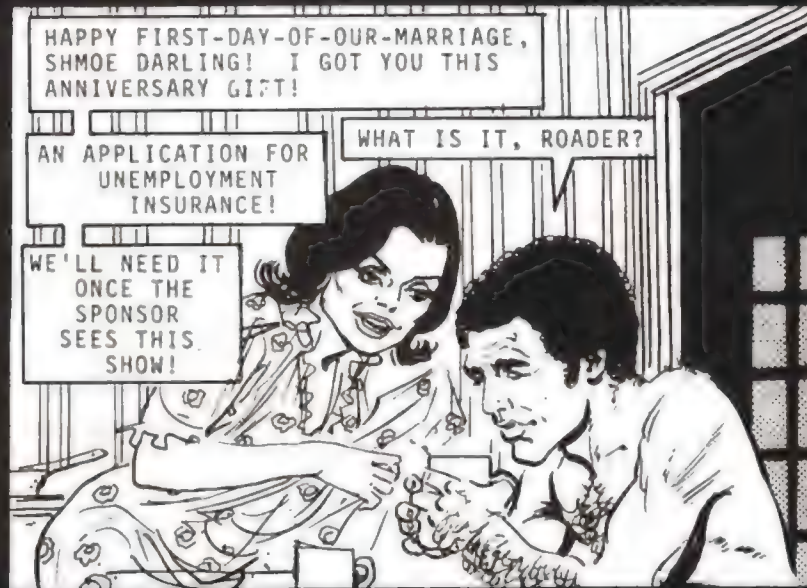
WHY DO YOU LOVE ME, SHMOE? BECAUSE I'M BEAUTIFUL? INTELLIGENT? JEWISH?

NO... BECAUSE YOU REMIND ME OF MY FAVORITE ACTRESS!

WHO'S THAT?

NANCY WALKER!

DROP DEAD!



HAPPY FIRST-DAY-OF-OUR-MARRIAGE, SHMOE DARLING! I GOT YOU THIS ANNIVERSARY GIFT!

AN APPLICATION FOR UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE!

WHAT IS IT, ROADER?

WE'LL NEED IT ONCE THE SPONSOR SEES THIS SHOW!



GOOD MORNING, ROADER!

EEEK! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M BRAND-X, YOUR SISTER! MY JOB IS TO BARGE IN WHENEVER THE SCRIPT GETS DULL!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS YOU CAN'T COME BARGING IN EVERY 22 SECONDS!



ROADER, HOW COME I HAVE A WEIGHT-PROBLEM, AND YOU DON'T?

YOU HAVE TO MARRY A MAN WHO INSPIRES YOU TO REMAIN SLIM AND SEXY... A MAN LIKE SHMOE!

YOU JUST CONVINCED ME TO STAY FAT AND FRIGID!

HI, MY NAME'S GARISH LIVER! WHAT THIS SHOW NEEDS IS A HANDSOME TEENAGER WHO CAN ALSO ACT!

NO -- THEY HIRED ME BECAUSE THE PRODUCER HAS A GIRLFRIEND... MY SISTER!

IS THAT WHY THEY HIRED YOU?

I'M FRUSTRATED, ROADER... EVERY CHICK I DATE IS EITHER BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB OR SMART BUT UGLY.

CHEER UP, GARISH... ONE DAY YOU'LL MEET A GIRL THAT'S JUST RIGHT FOR YOU -- UGLY AND DUMB!

I'M SPLITTING, ROADER.. I'VE GOT THE SEVEN-YEAR-ITCH!

BUT WE'VE BEEN MARRIED LESS THAN A YEAR!

A YEAR WITH YOU, ROADER IS LIKE SEVEN YEARS IN TWEED JOCKEY SHORTS!

DO YOU THINK WE'LL EVER BE BACK TOGETHER?

MAYBE... AFTER I SOW MY WILD OATS!

HOW LONG WILL THAT TAKE?

IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW SOON I PLANT MY SEEDS!

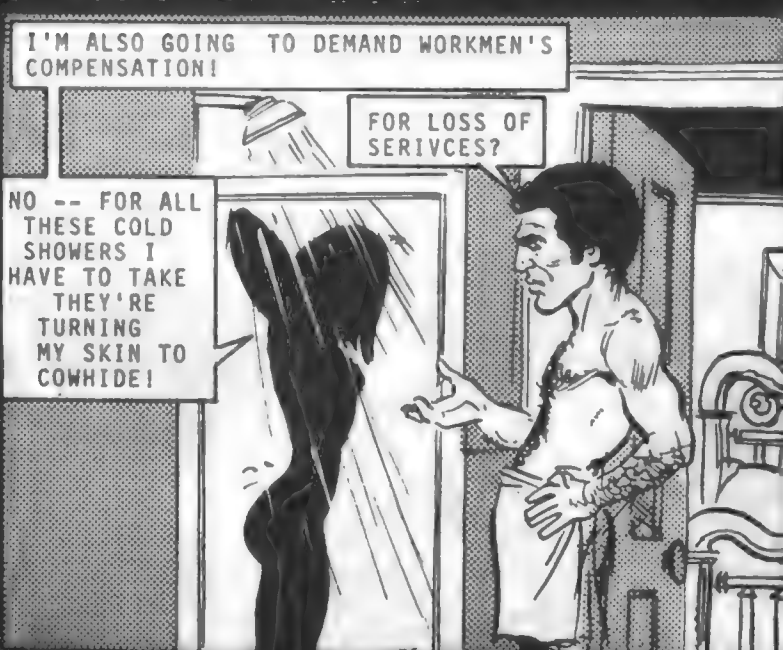
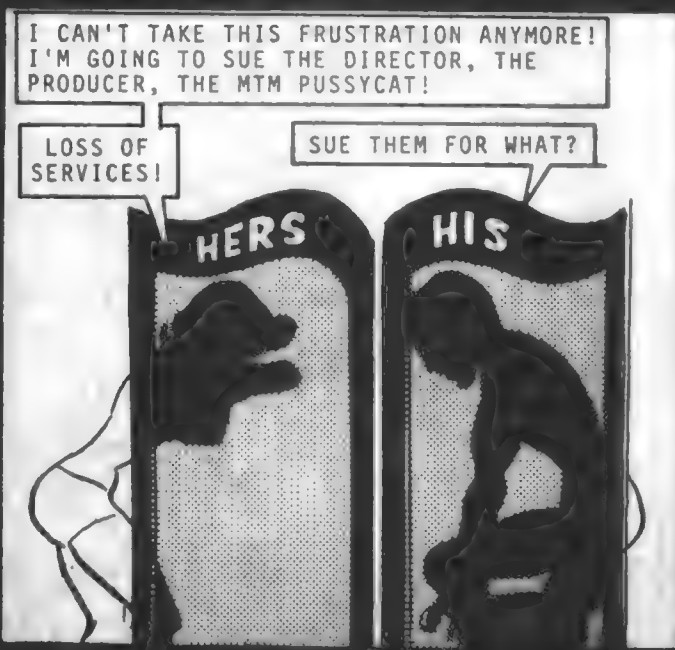
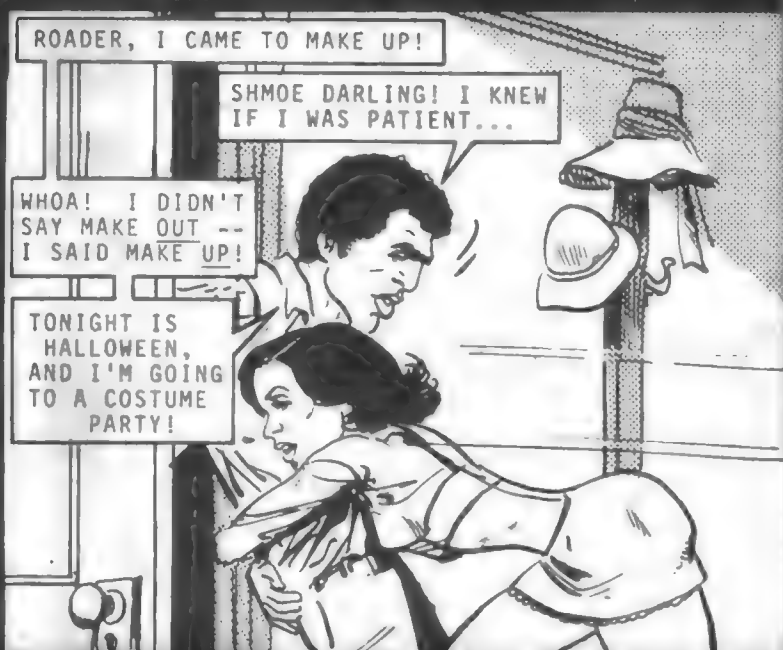
BOO-HOO... I'M SEX-STARVED! SINCE SHMOE LEFT ME, I HAVE TO DEPEND ON "MS." MAGAZINE FOR MY KICKS!

AND IT'S ALL HER FAULT!

ROADER, HOW CAN YOU BLAME HER?

BECAUSE WHEN I NEEDED HER MOST --

SHE DESERTED ME FOR HER OWN SHOW!!



SINCE GETTING MY OWN
SHOW, I'VE TURNED
INTO A DESPERATE PRUDE!

SO WHAT? I
KNOW WOMEN
WHO'VE EARNED
MILLIONS BEING
DESPERATE
PRUDES!

NAME
ONE!

ME!

STILL, IF YOU MUST
HAVE SEX, I'VE GOT
JUST THE MAN
FOR YOU!

OOOH...WHO'S HE
LIKE? PAUL NEWMAN?
BURT REYNOLDS?

GOOD ENOUGH!

NO, HE'S MORE
LIKE RICH
LITTLE...

...IMITATING
ABE VIGODA!

LET'S
START
FROM
SCRATCH!

ROADER'S GOT A SECRET LOVER!

HOW CAN YOU TELL?

SHE STOPPED TAKING SHOWERS,
AND SNEAKS OFF EVERY NIGHT!

THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

THAT
PROVES
IT!

SHE
QUIT
THE
HARRY
REEMS
FAN
CLUB!

LET'S FOLLOW HER --FIND OUT WHO THE GUY IS!

IT'S NOT RIGHT TO SPY ON THEM!

WHO'S SPYING? I WANT TO AUDITION
THEM FOR MY NEW BUSINESS!

WHAT
BUSINESS?

PORNO
FILMS!

CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?

NOPE --THEY STUFFED
THE KEYHOLE!

THEN JUST LISTEN...
MAYBE WE'LL
RECOGNIZE HER
LOVER'S VOICE!

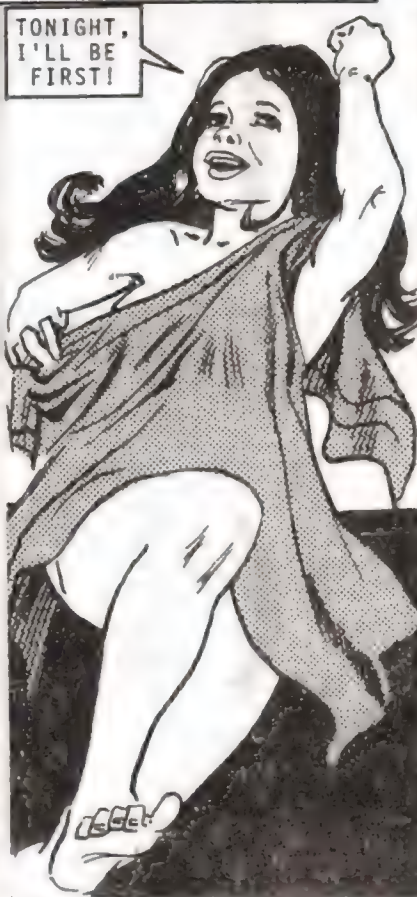
HELLO,
THIS IS
CARLTON
YOUR
DOORMAN!

MMMM...
SOCK IT
TO ME
AGAIN,
BABY!

ONE DAME AT A TIME!

JOE GILL
Writer

A TYPICAL, PEACEFULL EVENING IN THE ROMINO HOME.....







SO, THE NEXT NIGHT.....

COME ON
IN,
FELLAS!



I'M SO
SORRY
I WAS
RUDE TO
YOU
BOYS
LAST
NIGHT.

I REALLY
LIKE YOU
BOTH.
I THINK
YOU'RE
CHARMING!

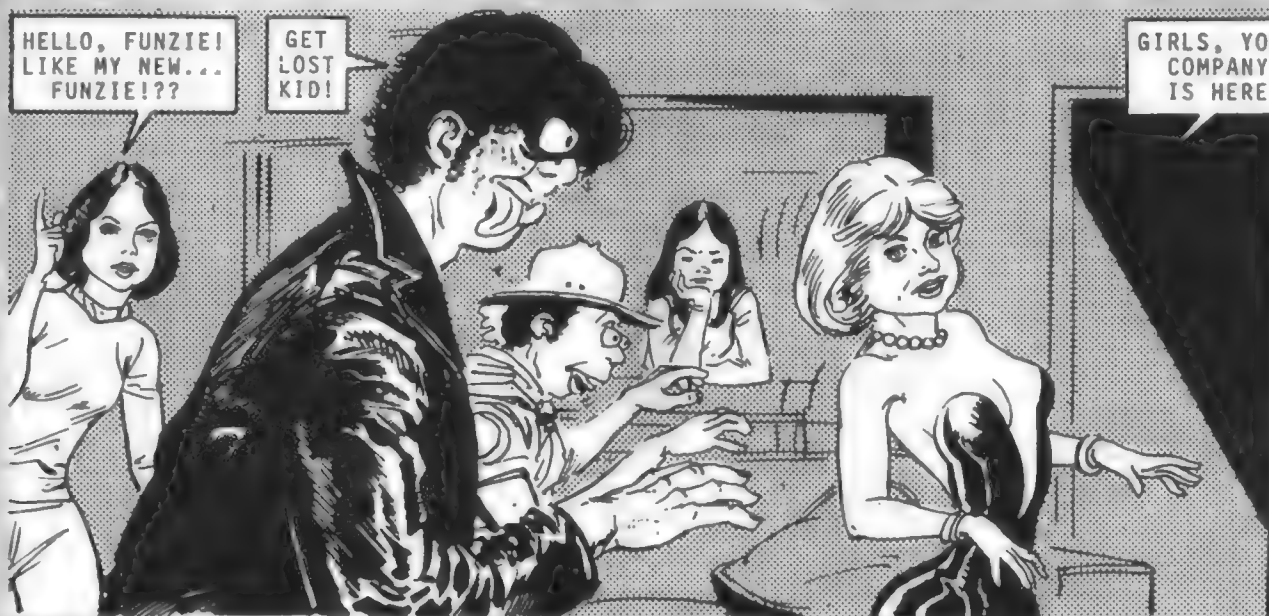
V-A-V-A-VOOOM!



GR-R-RR!!

HELLO, FUNZIE!
LIKE MY NEW...
FUNZIE!??

GET
LOST
KID!



GIRLS, YOUR
COMPANY
IS HERE!

DOWN,
BOYS!

GRRRRR!!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH
THOSE LITTLE MONSTERS!
I WAS ONLY BEING NICE!

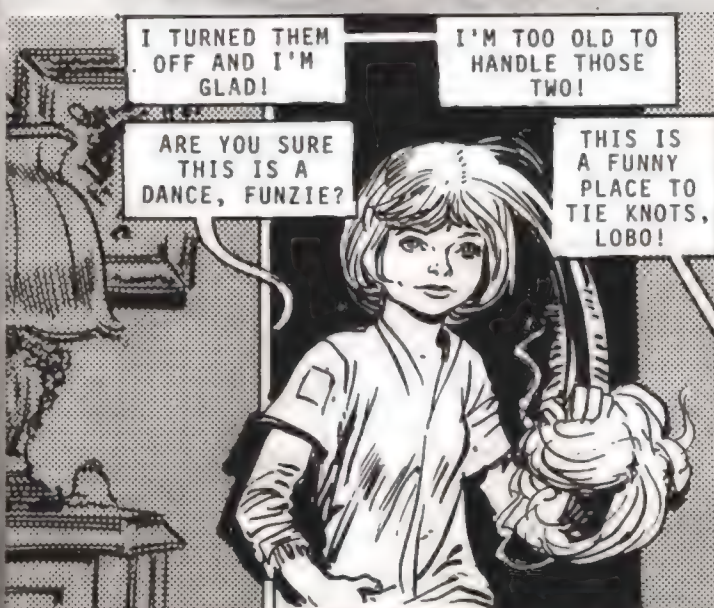
YOU WERE
TOO
NICE,
MOTHER!

NOW, THEY
WON'T
LOOK AT
US...
Y-YOU
HOME-
WRECKER!

TOO
NICE,
HUH?

TELL THEM
I'LL BE
OUT IN
A MINUTE!





IT'S JUST ANOTHER BUSY DAY IN MEL'S DINER, FOLKS...ALICE AND THE GIRLS ARE SOFT-SOAPING THE FIRST CUSTOMERS. WHILE MEL IS IN THE KITCHEN, POISONING THEM WITH HIS FOOD OR HIS PERSONALITY!

ALICE!

C'MERE, SWEETHEART, I...
AY, YIII, YIIII!

SSSSIIIGGGHHHHH

WHADDYA MEAN, YA
CAN'T PAY? I'D
KICK THE (bleep)
OUTA YA IF THIS
WASN'T A FAMILY
MAGAZINE!

HAVE SOME
MAPLE
SYRUP,
SWEETHEART!



JOE GILL
Writer

WHAT'S WRONG,
HONEY? Y'ALL
GOT MAN
TROUBLE
TOO?

YEAH, THAT
SWEET-
LOOKING
MAN TRIED
TO SQUEEZE
THE GOODIES!

MAH STUD
WAS THE
SHY TYPE,
HONEY.

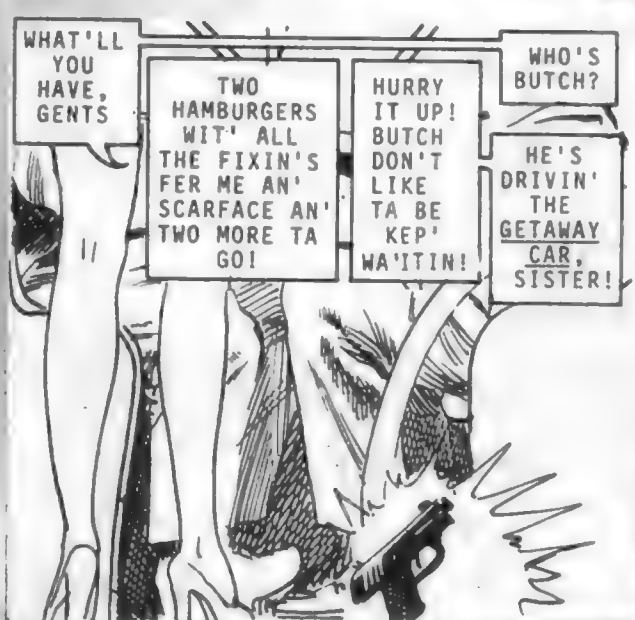
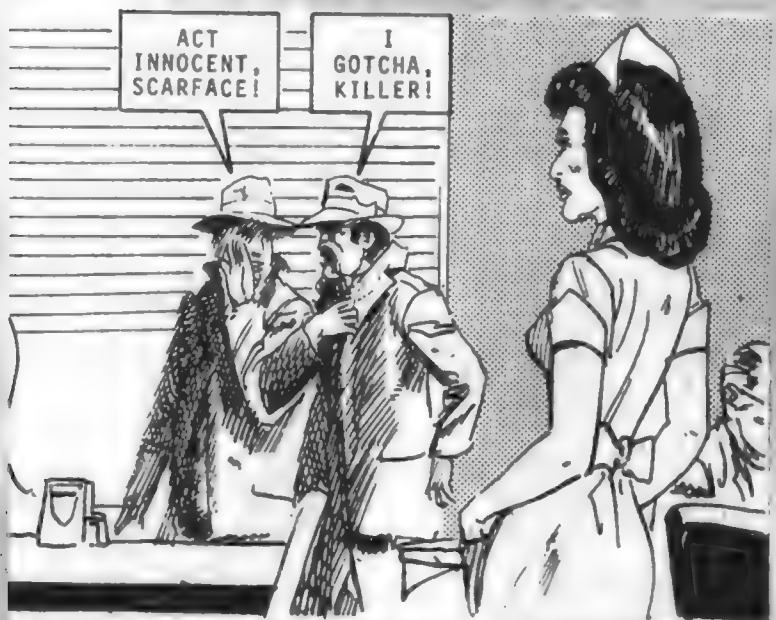
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU,
VERA?

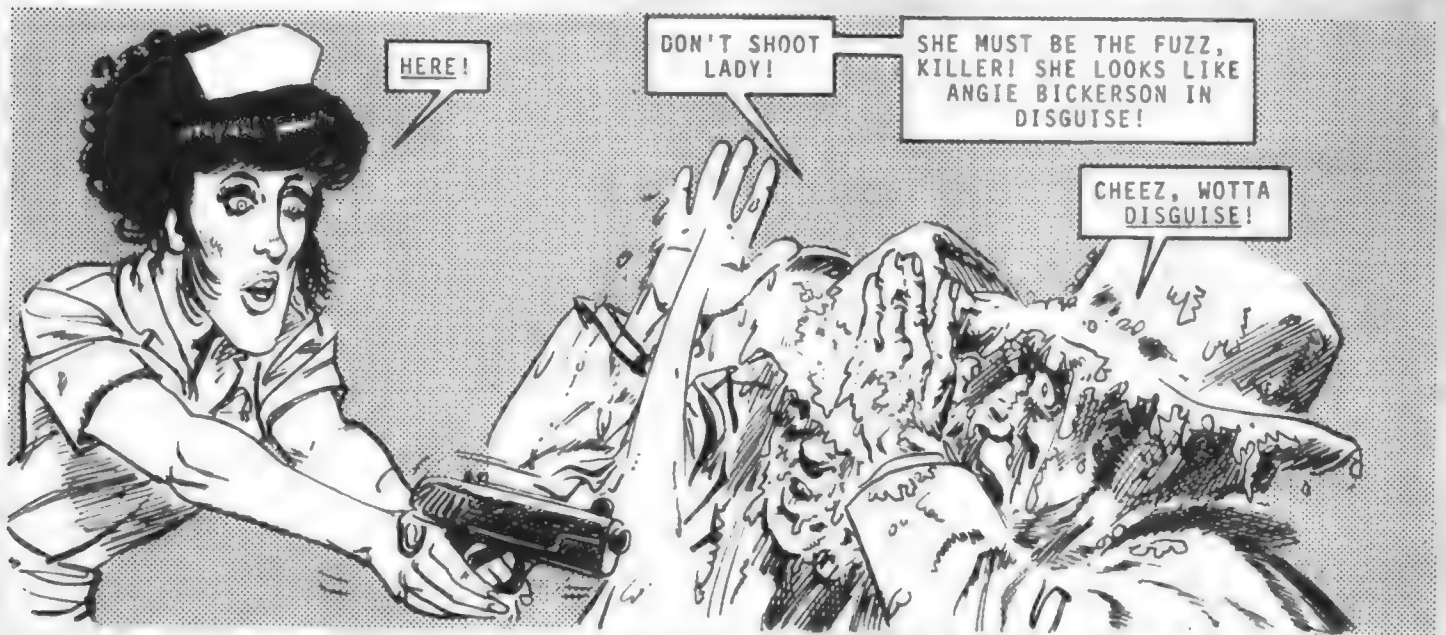
THAT AWFUL
MAN WAS
A FLASHER!

DON'T WORRY,
VERA. NOT
ALL MEN ARE
LIKE HIM!

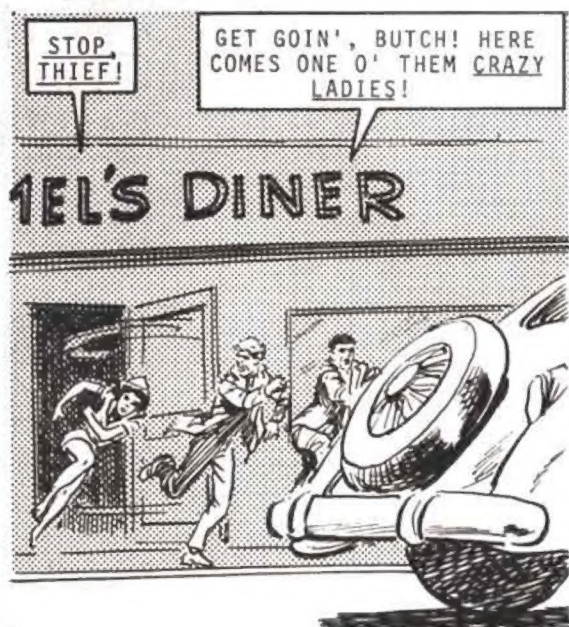
I HOPE NOT...
...I THINK!













YOU GO THAT WAY!...
I'LL GO THIS, THERE
MUST BE A
SICK MAGAZINE
SOMEPLACE!

AVOID THIS DILEMMA!

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SICK, DEPT. S479
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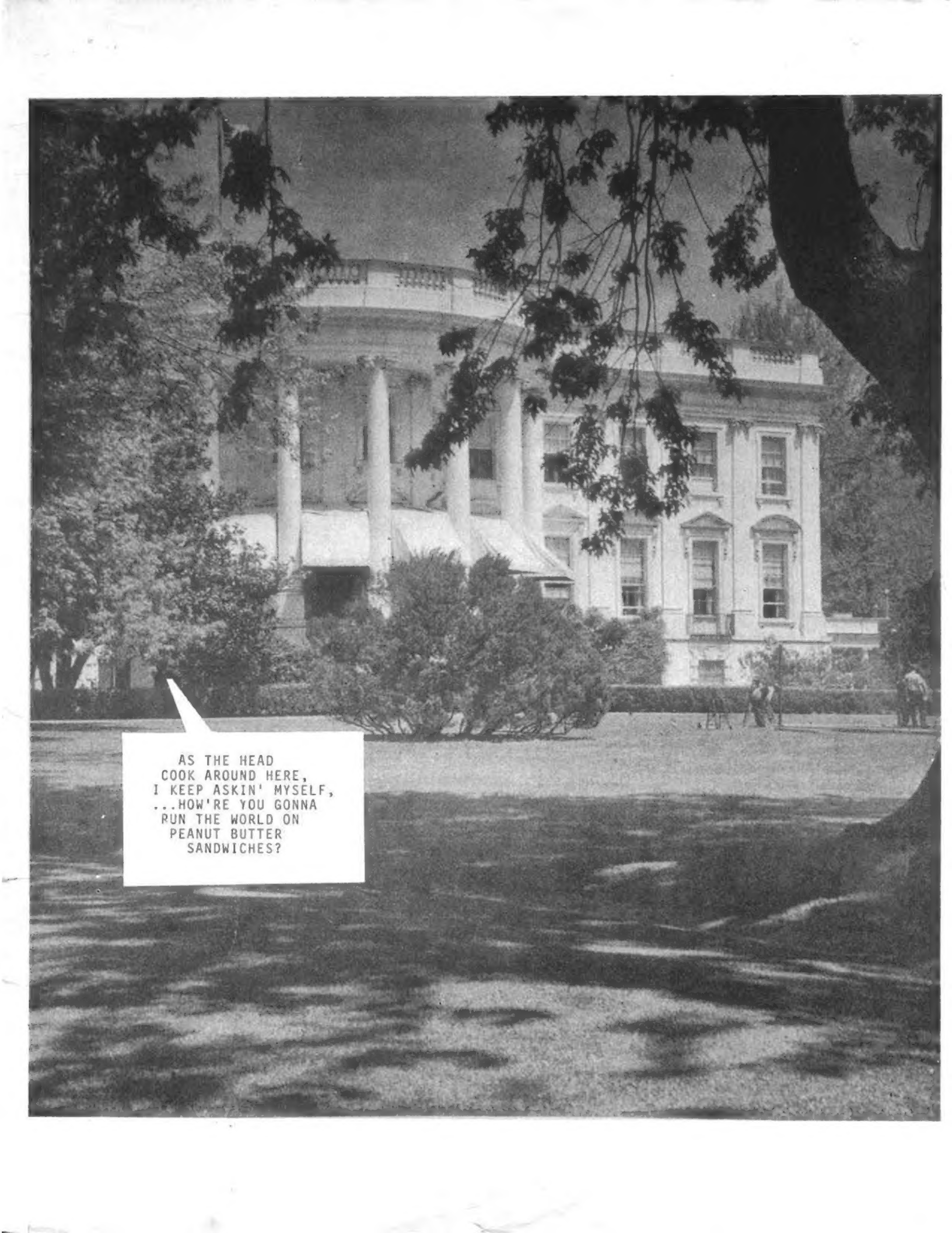
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A black and white photograph of the White House in Washington, D.C. The building is partially obscured by the dark, leafy branches of trees in the foreground. The South Portico with its columns is visible. In the foreground, there is a large lawn with shadows cast by trees. A white speech bubble with a tail pointing towards the left is positioned in the lower-left area of the image.

AS THE HEAD
COOK AROUND HERE,
I KEEP ASKIN' MYSELF,
...HOW'RE YOU GONNA
RUN THE WORLD ON
PEANUT BUTTER
SANDWICHES?

